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## The Week-end Review

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CONTENTS

COMMENTS . . . . . Page 113
THE POLITICAL FRONT IN EUROPE . . . 115
A MAN OF THE WORLD. By Kingsley Martin . . . . . 115
A LONDON DIARY. By Tom Driberg, M.P. . 116
THIS ENGLAND . . . . . 117
DE GAULLE ON SOLITUDE. By Sagittarius . . 117
BROADCASTING. By C. E. M. Joad . . . 117
THIS STICK BUSINESS. By A Woman Magistrate 118
WIND UP. By Y.Y. . . . . Page 119
PLAYS AND PICTURES . . . . . 120
THE MOVIES. By William Whitebait. . . 120
CORRESPONDENCE . . . . . 120
From H. H. Wingate; F. W. Byron; Dr. Harry Roberts; Fred Messer, M.P.; Joan S. Clarke; William C. Searle; Nan Green; R. Woodifield; J. E. Lloyd.
BOOKS IN GENERAL. By Hester W. Chapman Page 123
REVIEWS:
The Rural Pattern. By Henry Morris . . 123
New Novels and Stories. By Philip Toynbee 124
Rembrandt. By Clive Bell . . . . . 125
The Indian Princes. By Leonard Schiff . 126
Cocktail Ice. By G. W. Stonier . . . . 126
Shorter Notices . . . . . 127
WEEK-END COMPETITIONS . . . . . 127

## VACANT CHAIRS AT QUEBEC

A meeting between Mr. Churchill and Mr. Roosevelt has ceased to excite us as a novel event. That gives it an additional interest and importance. A technique has been worked out by which the world may be governed for a good many years to come. It is the symbol of the cordial co-operation which links us to the Americans. In so far as it means that, the oftener these two meet the better pleased we all shall be. Washington in this war is no farther from London than Paris was in the last. But some reflections qualify these rejoicings. There has been no concentration of power in two men's hands comparable to this since the Romans formed the habit of dividing the known earth between Duumvirs or Triumvirs. This they did after they had lost their republican freedom. A concentration of authority which is intelligible in wartime will grow increasingly dangerous as we near the climate of peace, and political questions jostle with strategy. What we in this island welcome as a sign of the cordiality between two kindred peoples looks to others like an assertion of Anglo-American predominance. The Russians are nearly as numerous as all the English-speaking peoples together and the Chinese outnumber both. There were too many vacant chairs at Quebec.

That the meeting was held in the capital of French Canada lent it an unusual interest. Mr. Churchill had important matters to discuss with the leaders of this Dominion, which has raised for service in Europe, from its small population, a number of splendid troops not far short of a million. The insecure expansion of its aircraft, ship-building and engineering industries is a fact that should one day mean as much to Europeans as to Canadians. A country which can expand its industry so rapidly should be able to multiply its population also. A similar feat has set Australians talking of the possibility of expanding their population after the war to a figure which some bold pioneers have put as high as thirty millions. Nowhere more certainly than in the Dominions should a post-war policy of maximum production and full employment spell expansion as well as security.

This meeting was concerned as much with the planning of the coming struggle in Asia as with the war in Europe. We have to bear in mind that numerous Americans—it may be the majority of Americans—view with impatience the necessary strategical concentration which compels us to defeat the Nazis before we deal with the Japanese. To these it will bring some comfort that Premier and President met to talk, it is said, largely about the Far East. Another of our allies is impatient, for graver reasons. China will remain in an isolation which forbids any offensive action on her part for the liberation of her conquered home-lands, until we are able to open the Burma road. That makes it all the stranger that Mr. T. V. Soong was not a member of this Conference, though he has met its principals. We are taking heavy risks for our future relations with several of our allies by this excessive concentration of authority.

The anxiety in all the Allied countries over the absence of Marshal Stalin from Quebec as from Casablanca is as keen as the satisfaction of the Germans. A visit from Mr. Eden and Mr. Sumner Welles to Moscow to inform him of the decisions taken at this conference will be a suitable act of courtesy, but it does not meet the case. We have as yet no consultation, strategical or political, with the Ally who for two years has borne the brunt of the war against the Germans. That is not the way to achieve prompt victory and it may mean peril when the Nazi menace is removed. Official Russian spokesmen are using plain words which gain emphasis by the regrettable recall of Mr. Maisky. We can all guess what is in Stalin's mind; but do we allow our imagination to dwell on what he and his countrymen must feel, as they measure the scale of our operations against their own? The Russians have told us from the first exactly what they mean by a Second Front. They mean an invasion of Continental Europe formidable enough to force the Germans to withdraw sixty divisions from the Eastern front. That may be a maximum demand; perhaps forty divisions would suffice. At present, in Sicily, we are engaging three German divisions while the Russians face two hundred. That may not be a just or accurate reckoning: the Italian troops in Sicily are not wholly negligible, while our threat to the mainland has compelled the Germans to send to it perhaps ten divisions more. But even these few were not withdrawn from the Russian Front. It is not a sufficient answer to say that the R.A.F. has ruined Hamburg and shaken many another town, from Essen to Wiener Neustadt. We islanders do not forget the U-boats, as these "land-animals" may do, and we can count the forces we have to scatter over Africa, the Middle East and India. But the Russians fix their minds on a single issue, which, very intelligibly, seems to them to surpass all others. They argue that if we had timed adequate Continental operations to coincide with their prosperous summer offensive, the war could have been won this year. If we recall what this war has cost them in millions of lives, wrecked cities and tortured populations we cannot dismiss their urgency as improper. We may believe that the Russians neglect important technical factors and that their propaganda is often unfair. But it is important to understand what they say.

It is an inevitable by-product of their disappointment and their isolation that they have adopted an independent political strategy in their approach to the German question. There is much to be said for their idea of encouraging revolution by the offer, made with their backing, by the Free German Committee from Moscow to negotiate a friendly peace with a democratic Germany. When a grandson of Bismarck supports this appeal on the air, as happened last week, these tactics are not to be despised. Unless we settle our differences with Russia soon, these divided tactics will bring us up against a grave peril when Germany is defeated, if not before. There are other unsolved questions. Two sharply contrasted views exist about the future of a broad belt of territory, from the Baltic down to the Black Sea, between the former frontiers of the Soviet Union and Central Europe. It is not merely Russia's territorial claims that are in question. British policy has favoured the formation of confederations among the Northern, Danubian and Balkan States, which the Russians view with suspicion. To their nostrils they smell of *cordon sanitaire*. If, on the other hand, the conception of a Russian sphere of interest were accepted, and if it could be delimited by consent, some of these peoples, not only the Poles, would tremble for their independence; while some of the West-Europeans, notably the French, would feel

as little satisfaction on discovering that they had been placed in the Anglo-American sphere.

Spheres of interest are an unpleasant relic from the older technique of imperialism. The solution at which we ought to aim, however difficult it may seem, is the integration of Europe as a single whole. We are glad to note that the *Times*, which once toyed with the idea of bisection, rejected it last Monday. A solution on these lines would be short-lived: before many years were up, Moscow or London, or both of them, would be angling and competing for Germany's weight to redress the sagging balance of power. The prosperity of this mainly agrarian Eastern borderland depends on its economic relations with Central Europe: the key to its future is to industrialise it on some plan suggested by the Tennessee Valley model. It can live and thrive only within an integrated Europe. That some of its inhabitants are Slavs who have a fraternal feeling for Russia should serve, with the sentiments of the whole European Left, to reassure her that an integrated continent cannot become her enemy. The time is approaching when these basic political issues of the settlement must be discussed with the Russians. How the talk goes will depend on our timing of a Continental Second Front.

### An Open City

The attitude of a large part of the press to the declaration by the Italian Government that Rome is now an open town is inexplicable. That Rome should be demilitarised is surely of the highest advantage to us from every point of view, particularly the strategical. We know that the Allies have in the past taken steps to inform the Italian Government that they would welcome such a step. To belittle it now and to argue that we can ignore it as fraudulent, as many newspapers urge, is not only dishonest, but folly. If it is fraudulent, of course it should be ignored. But it is quite easy for the Allied Governments to satisfy themselves on that point, and the Badoglio Government has now gone so far that it could almost certainly be compelled to carry out its declaration. Unless the destruction of European cities is an end in itself, we should do everything in our power to obtain the demilitarisation not only of Rome, but of all other Italian cities, for that would mean, in fact, the unconditional surrender of Italy.

### War on Two Fronts

Russian moves in what may fairly be regarded as the preparatory phase of our Allies' great counter-offensive on the Eastern Front follow one another in rhythmical succession which gives the impression of a masterly comprehensive plan. To the blows already delivered there have been added during the past week two new offensives—one starting from the line Spas Demensk-Zhizdra and aimed either at Smolensk or according to Berlin, the railway linking Smolensk with Bryansk; another, striking across the Donetz from Izyum with the intention, presumably, either of menacing the railway between the Donbas and Dniepropetrovsk or of striking at the flank of the forces with which the enemy has been counter-attacking the Russian pincer movement round Kharkov. Fighting on all the active sectors is clearly severe; and the Russians have not so far claimed that they have achieved anywhere a major break-through, still less that the enemy is in rout. How far can Allied pressure on other fronts contribute towards weakening the enemy's already strained resources in the East? After a 40-days' campaign the Allied forces are masters of the whole of Sicily. Allied communications throughout the length of the Mediterranean are now secure and the scope for further amphibian operations is correspondingly widened. But the fact must be faced that the Sicilian campaign by itself has done little to relieve the burden on Russia.

Leaving out of account the numerically considerable but militarily inefficient Italian forces in the island, General Alexander has engaged and defeated about four German divisions, of which a fair portion appear to have been successfully evacuated to the mainland. The military problem which the Quebec conference has to solve is how swiftly and efficaciously to bring to battle a much greater proportion of the army whose bulk is still offering stern resistance to our Russian Allies.

### Castles in Spain

Mr. Eden was coldly correct, the other day, when he answered Mr. Shinwell's question about the monarchist movement in Spain, by declaring that this is "a matter for the Spanish people." Where, how, and in what incarnation does this people function? But is the British Government quite as indifferent behind the scenes as it is across the floor of the House? Towards the end of June the sober American news agency, the Associated Press, published throughout the United States despatches from Berne and London which described the success in London of the Duke of Alba and a certain Señor Ventosa, an agent of the ex-King Alfonso, in securing the support of Downing Street for a restoration of the monarchy under Prince Juan. This was followed by the publication of a monarchist manifesto in Spain which Franco emphatically rejected by expelling the personages who signed it from the Fascist Falange. The comments of the startled liberal Press in America were as harsh as they were frank in their judgment of British policy. If the story is confirmed, wrote the *New Republic* (July 5th), "the war will certainly assume a wholly different colour to millions of those Americans without whose aid Mr. Churchill has no possible hope of victory." We doubt, however, whether the State Department would share its indignation. Downing Street may well have thought that a monarchist restoration would serve two good ends: it would wrench Spain out of the orbit of the Axis and it might lead to a somewhat milder form of constitutional Fascism, which would be content with a rather lower daily average of executions. This leaves us indifferent; for two reasons. The Axis is near the end of its power for evil. Secondly, Franco without any prompting from London or from a king is already so frightened that he has begun to talk about the quality of mercy. But monarchy is an impossible solution for Spain. A king is nothing but the symbol of the ascendancy of the grandees.

### Cracks in the Fortress Walls

As the fortunes of the Axis wane, certain weaknesses in Hitler's fortress walls become more and more apparent. The resistance of the inhabitants of the outer walls, the occupied countries, stiffens—and it is resistance to Hitler, to the Nazis, and to the German army of occupation. In Norway the sullen obstruction has led to characteristic Nazi ruthlessness, which is, in effect, a sign of increasing nervousness; the shooting of the Oslo police chief and the absorption of the Norwegian police in the armed forces of the Reich. There have been rumours that Germany intends to evacuate Norway, but these acts of ruthlessness seem to show that on the contrary she has decided to remain there as long as possible. In Finland and Denmark, too, there are some signs of the wall cracking.

The Stockholm newspaper *Dagens Nyheter* states that the German military grip on Finland is weaker than that on Italy. "Sweden is profoundly interested," it says, "in Finland's liberation, and will help Finland if possible. We must take the risk of incurring the displeasure of Germany, but there are worse things than that, both for Sweden and for Finland." Though the food situation in Finland has improved lately, and supplies seem assured for well into next year, there are increasing signs that Finland expects Germany to be defeated and that she wishes to pull out.

### Civil Service Unions

At one time Mr. Churchill threw out a hint that he would make an attempt to settle the dispute over the affiliation of the Post Office Workers' Union to the T.U.C. "The last thing in the world I want to see," he said, "is quarrels breaking out between people who are working so very heartily together in the common line of action." The other day he is reported to have received a delegation from those Civil Service Unions which have not asked for affiliation and so are still good boys. But so far no settlement is in prospect. A warning was issued on Aug. 11th that any individual member of a Civil Service Union affiliated to the T.U.C. who does not resign within a month is "in the words of the Act, 'disqualified from being a member of the Civil Service.' This has the effect that he loses his established position and that all his accumulated pension rights are forfeited." This seems to imply that the Post Office workers would still be employed, but would sacrifice their pensions. The authorities have evidently found a cunning way out of the difficulty that, on a literal interpretation, the Trade Disputes Act would require them to dismiss the postmen. Such tactics are not likely to enhance the traditional British respect for legality which has made the Labour Movement somewhat half-hearted in its support of the Post Office Workers.

### Limitations of Dividends

It will be remembered that a Limitation of Dividends Bill was on the point of being passed when 100 per cent. E.P.T. was introduced, and the Bill was dropped as being unnecessary. Many companies at the present time are declaring dividends in excess of those paid in earlier war years, while some exceed pre-war distributions. It seems, on the face of it, as though the policy of leaving companies "on their honour" is not fully successful. The point of limiting dividends is to keep purchasing power out of the hands of the public so as to reduce inflationary pressure on prices. It is now generally held that the greatest danger of inflation will set in when the fighting is over, and it is a somewhat alarming symptom that the distribution of dividends has already begun to rise. If they cannot be checked now, the difficulty of checking them in the immediate post-war period will be all the greater.

### Inflation in Italy

A curious feature of the Italian situation was a speech by the new Finance Minister, somewhat reminiscent of those made by Mr. Snowden in 1931. He painted the budget deficit in the most alarming colours, groaned over the increase in the note issue, and promised a strenuous return to retrenchment and sound finance. It appears that a run on the banks has been going on. But a run is easy enough to meet (since gold coin went out of fashion) by issuing notes. It is the flight out of notes into "real values" that causes trouble, and the Minister's speech is not likely to do much to check it. Meanwhile, the Allies have poured oil on the flame by fixing the lira in Sicily at 400 to the pound. This is calculated to speed up inflation, for Italians who expect soon to be sharing the fate of the Sicilians will be anxious to spend their money before it depreciates further. Some critics have attributed the rate fixed to a merely frivolous desire to make the lira worth one American cent. It might also be regarded as a subtle move to undermine Badoglio by ruining the Italian middle class.

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# THE POLITICAL FRONT IN EUROPE

This is the Third Front, and by no means the least important, on which we have been fighting the Axis ever since the fall of France. On it we have had some successes, but too many disappointments. Militarily, for three years all the cards were in the hands of Germany, but psychologically they were all in ours, and the weapons in political warfare are psychological. Considering our advantages here, our strategy has been timid and unimaginative, and that has been the cause of blunders and missed opportunities. The war makes no sense for us unless ideologically it is a war of free men fighting for freedom and democracy against the chains and prison house of Nazism and Fascism. That was the message to Europe proclaimed in the Atlantic Charter and the Four Freedoms. It was, as far as it went, the right message, but it was in vague and general terms which unfortunately recalled the Wilsonian promises, shanghaied at the Versailles Conference. The function of political warfare was to give the message content and concreteness, so that at the right time and place we might count on the active co-operation of the millions on the Continent who hate the Nazis and desire freedom. These potential allies are the vast majority of people in the occupied countries, but they also exist, as Italy is showing us to-day, in enemy countries.

The weakness of our political strategy has been due to timidity, vacillation, an uneasy disinclination on the part of the Allied Governments to decide or to divulge what exactly they mean by these promises of freedom. Their love of liberty is real, but just a wee bit academic. They would like everyone to be free, if only they behave like perfect gentlemen during and after the process of liberation. Unfortunately the forces of freedom have never been distinguished for gentlemanliness; they tend to be found among the sansculottes, the socialists, liberals, workers, and—God forbid!—the revolutionaries, while if you want a gentleman, it is safer to look for him among the junkers, the generals, the Roman aristocracy, the Four Hundred or One Hundred Families, or General Franco. Hence the Allies and their political strategy have vacillated between their love of freedom and their love of law and order, which is sometimes another name for gentlemanliness. Our blunders and difficulties on the political front have been largely due to this vacillation. The disastrous Darlan episode could never have taken place if the American and British Governments had been clear in their intention of handing over France to the forces of freedom and democracy, for Darlan, though he may have been a gentleman and a pillar of law and order, could under no conceivable circumstances be disguised as a champion of the Four Freedoms. The shilly-shallying over Giraud and de Gaulle and over recognition of the Committee of National Liberation is ultimately due to the same cause. So, too, is the failure of our political strategy which we are witnessing in Italy at the moment when our military strategy is triumphant. For our political strategists are impotent so long as we adhere to a rigid formula of "unconditional surrender" and refuse to say upon what terms a democratic Italy would regain her freedom. For if we want a democratic Italy, we must trust Italian democrats, even though they may be Socialists and workers, and tell them plainly what terms they will get if they send Badoglio to follow Mussolini into retirement and take Italy out of the war.

The nearer we get to victory and the Axis to defeat, the more important it becomes that the Allied Governments should be agreed on their strategy of political warfare, and that its lines should be clear both to themselves and to their potential allies. The crux of the problem is our attitude to revolution and our decision as to the kind of government we desire or are prepared to recognise, both in enemy countries after defeat and in occupied countries after liberation. Taking the enemy countries first, it is obvious that the lines of our strategy need not and should not be rigidly the same for all of them. What is happening to-day in Italy seems to show that the idea, commonly held in the earlier days of the war, that the downfall of Nazism or Fascism would inevitably be followed by an interval of bloody revolution, was erroneous. The effect of the totalitarian regimes, which were based on force and lawless tyranny, has been, at any rate in Italy, to create an almost universal desire for a return to the old-fashioned democratic regime of liberty and law and order. At the moment there is no sign of any social revolutionary fervour. One would have thought that this situation would have just suited the book of the Allied Governments and the military strategical position, and that they would have done everything in their power to make the transition easy for Italians from Mussolini through Badoglio to a Left democratic Government whose programme would be peace and law and order. When it comes to Germany, our objects, and therefore our strategy, might or might not be the same. It should be determined in that case by such considerations as whether we desire a more drastic and complete military defeat, invasion, and occupation of Germany; whether a temporary breakdown of law and order might not in itself be desirable; and whether there are any forces of democratic law and order whom we should be prepared to recognise immediately after victory as a centralised German Government.

The same kind of problems arise, though their aspects may superficially be different, in regard to the occupied countries. Many of them will necessarily, in the process of liberation, be subjected to Allied military occupation; it is inevitable that military operations and the Higher Command will in large measure control their administration. In some of them, e.g. France, the question what Government shall be recognised by the Allies and when may prove as difficult as in any of the enemy countries. Many of the ideas and proposals now being canvassed in responsible quarters with regard to such questions seem to us extremely ill-advised and are causing disquiet among representatives of the occupied countries. The disquiet has indeed become so great that it has risen to the surface of public discussion: for instance, the *Times* correspondent last Saturday remarked that it is hoped that the future of AMGOT will come under review at the Quebec Conference, since it is

> already causing some disquiet among allied peoples in slavery who await a fuller explanation of its scope and powers. . . . An explanation that AMGOT is concerned with enemy territory, and that any allied organisations in liberated countries will come to help and not direct, will set perturbed minds at rest.

It is essential that people should understand the situation which is rather obscurely referred to by this well-informed correspondent. The proposals "perturbing" the minds of allied peoples are that the operations of AMGOT and other Allied organisations should not be confined to temporary help and exigencies caused by military operations during the transition between occupation and liberation, but should in effect take over the government of these countries for an indefinite period, controlling, for instance, such important instruments of administration as the whole broadcasting and propaganda system. The "native" Government, where such was recognised, would be reduced to puppetry. The object of such proposals is clearly to protect law and order, prevent "revolution," and postpone the delicate question, in some cases, whether there is a Government of the desirable colour for encouragement and recognition. Any such policy, if generally pursued, will defeat its own objects, particularly if applied to France. France is the one country in Europe in which there is danger or hope of a serious revolution, but to think that the U.S.A. and Great Britain can prevent it by a system of "colonialisation" is a delusion. If they attempt to govern and administer France themselves for any length of time, they will unite the French against them and will accelerate and intensify the revolutionary process which they fear. In France and elsewhere it is both the duty and the interest of the Allies to pursue openly and firmly an entirely different policy. They have every right to refuse to recognise or hand power over to any Government tainted or tinged by Fascism. Conversely, they should work in close co-operation with all the forces of democracy and freedom, should insist upon the establishment of a Government by democratic methods, and should, subject to military requirements, leave the administration of the country in the hands of that Government, once it has been elected. If they do this, the temper of Europe is such that there is every reason to anticipate a period in which freedom and law and order will in most places be found to be not entirely incompatible.

# A MAN OF THE WORLD

Something like a million and a half copies of Wendell Willkie's *One World* have been sold in America. No book of this kind has ever had such stupendous success. Of course the circumstances were unprecedented. The President's rival in 1940, and possible rival in 1944, flies round the world on a mission from the White House and returns to report with remarkable frankness his impression of Stalin, Chiang Kai-shek, General Montgomery and other world figures, and, incidentally, to criticise the American conduct of the war and to express grave doubts about the clarity and adequacy of the peace objectives of America and Britain. Here is plenty to make a book sell, merits apart. But Mr. Willkie's book has great intrinsic value and importance. It is a remarkably able piece of journalism, amusing, easy to read and full of ideas. Every controversial nail is hit neatly on the head; from the reasons of Soviet success in the war to the reasons why Americans dislike British imperialism; from race feeling in the United States to the nature of Chinese Communism. And yet, when all this is said, the reason for the extraordinary sale of this book and for its world importance is something else.

The clue lies in the map which is printed on the inner side of the back cover. Mr. Willkie's aircraft took him from Washington to Brazil, crossed to West Africa, from there to Egypt and Persia, to Moscow and Chungking, returned through Manchuria and the Arctic circle, and finally deposited him in his home country in the Middle West. No one can look at this map without seeing that this flight of 31,000 miles performed in a few weeks, largely by routes unexplored until a few years ago, is the symbol, not only of world unity, but also of a new kind of world. The aeroplane must bring every part of the world into conscious relation with every other part; in doing so it also alters the relations of cities and nations which had seemed immemorially fixed. A trip round the world need no longer include London or Lisbon or any of the Atlantic ports which have for four hundred years been the vital links between the Old World and the New. It naturally includes Moscow, Chungking and Minneapolis, centres of vast blocks of land, now linked by the aeroplane just as the ocean liner has linked London and New York. Chicago, still comically clinging to an out-of-date isolationism, must inevitably become a great port of call for aircraft coming from Russia to the American Continent by way of the North Pole.

Mr. Willkie has grasped this central fact of world unity and the experience has changed him from the isolationist campaigner of 1940 into to-day's Republican crusader for world co-operation. He begins by discovering almost naively

that the peoples of the Middle East and of Russia and China are just as alert and able and ambitious as the people of New York or London. But when he sees Industrial Co-operatives in China, he asks how any Americans can be blind enough not to see in this embryonic development of interior China a parallel with the opening up of the Western United States with its incalculable effect on world affairs. He sees with alarm that these tendencies which should all lead to international world unity are counteracted by a "fervid nationalism; a disturbing thing to one who believes that the hope of the world lies in the opposite trend." He regards this emergent nationalism as a great and dangerous force; we are at "the end of an era—the era in which four hundred million Chinese could be kicked around by any army, Japanese or English or American for that matter." He sees that unless an international system can give unity to these growing nationalisms, the world is condemned to an increasing orgy of violence, and the total destruction of the prosperity and civilisation which its technical development now makes possible.

The test of statesmanship in these days, Mr. Willkie perceives, lies in the capacity to bring the world a stage closer to the unifying organisation which is essential to save it from disaster, and it is one of his main theses that there is everywhere a "great reservoir of good will" for the United States because, while America has become a world Power, it has not yet become tainted in the minds of less developed peoples with the bullying and exploitation associated with the older Empires. But Mr. Willkie is far too shrewd a man not to see that American nationalism (which he has the courage to denounce when it leads to colour prejudice and anti-semitism) may develop along just the imperial lines he detests. Several of his conversations in Russia and China show him aware of problems that he has not yet analysed. Himself a champion of freedom (not only in the sense of civil liberty but also in the sense of the right of Big Business to make what it can) Mr. Willkie cannot avoid the problem of whether it is in the nature of American capitalism to co-operate with the new Chinese nationalism or with the gigantic growth of Soviet Socialism.

Nothing could be more instructive than a conversation he reports with a Russian factory superintendent, "the kind of young man that in American industrial life would make rapid advancement." This young man indignantly repudiates the idea that he might want to work for himself or employ the labour of others. He is well paid; he has earned some luxuries; he has security as long as his work is good; the State guarantees the future of his wife and children. He is gloriously conscious of his own freedom in comparison with the slavery of his parents under Tsardom. "Someday we'll have political freedom, too." To-day, he is well satisfied, most of all by the decorations pinned to his blouse which show that the State recognises his worth. Before leaving Mr. Willkie's pilot breaks into the conversation. Will Mr. Willkie please explain that he has only been talking like this for the sake of gleaning information? Americans do not all worship money. Pointing to his own ribbon of the Distinguished Flying Cross, the American pilot adds: "You tell him that I will give the rank and the pay rise back for nothing, but I would not give the ribbon back for a million dollars." Mr. Willkie can see the significance of this desire for service and repudiation of the gospel of the almighty dollar in the new technical class, but he leaves it to the reader to draw the moral of this revolt against one of the central tenets of capitalism. He does not squarely face the implications of his own argument. It is all very well to declare that world unity has become essential, that America in becoming a world Power must not become an exploiter, that there must be co-operation between the rising nationalisms and the older Powers, and that the future depends on Anglo-American friendship with China and Russia. It is all very well, and indeed most useful, to remind American business men that fear of Russia is only a sign of distrust in their own system: "Russia is neither going to eat us nor seduce us." But there is nothing in Mr. Willkie's book to show what steps he would take to change the nature of American capitalism, that he realises that if there is to be an end of the anarchy of national States there must also be an end to anarchy of the business world as well. He does not ask himself whether international unity is possible without international socialism.

We are glad that this book is shortly to be published in England. It has almost as much to say to Englishmen as to Americans. Mr. Willkie does not share our preoccupation with the problems of Europe; from the elevation of his aircraft all national sovereignties look ridiculous, and the warring nations of this Continent are merely a tragic example of the failure to unite, which is destroying the world. Certainly if as a result of this war we try once again to restore the petty sovereignties of European nations, divide Germany into a congeries of small States, which can only find life in the struggle once again to restore their unity, then we shall be planting ourselves once again against the full tide of historical change and shall again pay the penalty. Mr. Willkie demands that Britain and America reach an understanding with Russia on these things; in one of his most enlightened passages he points out the futility of political unity without a genuine basis in international economic institutions, and he applies this basic wisdom, not only to Europe, but to all the problems of the peace, which, he rightly says, will only be solved in so far as we have discovered the solution and begin to apply it during the war itself. "The whole world," he writes, "seemed to me in an eager, demanding, ambitious mood ready for incredible sacrifices, if only they could see some hope that those sacrifices would prove worth while." The solutions of Lenin and of Wilson during the last war were, he says, "superimposed"; they were never "blood-and-bone part of the war." He demands the immediate discovery of a world objective to meet a world need, economically no less than politically; America must play a full part and forget her isolationism; Britain must cease to talk, as he found in the Middle East our sailors and soldiers did, in the pure language of Kipling without even the idealist gloss of Cecil Rhodes. When Mr. Churchill has no more to say of India, but that "what we have, we hold," what is that but the Briton's form of isolationist escapism from the necessity of a world society?

Mr. Willkie has still, as we have said, to face his own most difficult problem—most difficult because nearest home. But it would be childish to miss the value of so much sincerity and wisdom. Mr. Willkie is a portent, a new figure, a corporation lawyer who has become, in a new and unmistakable sense, a Man of the World.

KINGSLEY MARTIN

## A LONDON DIARY

A DISTRESSING trait of some of the best-intentioned people is their readiness to sign speciously titled manifestoes and other documents without finding out who and what are behind them. A good example of this, early in the war, was the appeal for a negotiated peace issued by the so-called British Council for Christian Settlement in Europe, which several honest pacifists got out of hurriedly when they learned that it had been promoted by former members of The Link. I hope that none of my friends will be gullible enough to fall for the People's Truth Association, Limited; this is the newest manifestation of the People's Common Law Parliament—a dubious organisation of which the wealthy Duke of Bedford is, or has been, a patron. When this "parliament" was active in London a few months ago, its organiser had some difficulty in inducing members of the real Parliament to appear on its platforms. He has now hooked one—William Craven-Ellis, a machine-tool manufacturer and spokesman of the banks. Several other public men of substance have lent their names to People's Truth: the Roman Catholic Archbishop of Cardiff, Sir A. Verdon-Roe, aircraft magnate, and Mr. Wilfred Hill, President of the Comité International des Echanges. They say they want further "social justice, truth and honesty." Social Justice (admirable phrase if you consider it in vacuum) happens to be the name of the American Fr. Coughlin's Jew-baiting, Roosevelt-baiting anti-British periodical; but this is probably a genuine coincidence, arising from the Papal tie-up of People's Truth. Anyway, this version of truth seems likely to be as far from the Absolute as ever.

* * *

Another document boosting the People's Common Law Parliament reaches me from Brighton. This seems, however, to be merely a crank; it is a pamphlet issued by a league which calls itself "provisionally" (and clumsily) Our United Churches Christian Congregation of The Family of God. It is full of such practical instructions as "Every cell will elect one of the clergy to act as pilot." One of its objects is "to promote a World-Wide Christian Parliament," which may mean quite a tussle in Turkey, Russia and elsewhere. The only noteworthy point about this pamphlet is that, besides its praise for the People's Common Law Parliament, there is a strong whiff of Buchmanism in it. This is the first time I have found overlapping or association between these two movements, both, to me, suspect . . . But there, I mustn't let my tassel for witch-hunting run away with me.

* * *

It has been my pleasure and duty lately to travel by road a good deal in Essex and East Anglia (mutually-exclusive terms, despite guide-book writers and the Ministry of Information). Cars are so rare now that cyclists, children, and dogs behave more dangerously than ever on the roads, and stare in astonishment at the strange machine beneath which they have attempted to commit suicide. Thanks to the L.N.E.R.'s archaic service, this part of the country remains the least spoiled by speculative builders of any so near London. It is not unspoiled by war; roads near battle training areas are churned by tanks till they look like tank-traps, large trees sprawl broken across hedges. The hotel cellars of an ancient market-town are empty of the vintage port for which they were famous: it has been "all drunk up by the military." Did they appreciate it? Oh yes, it had been drunk by colonels. A morose American sergeant in a hotel lounge here —a Park Avenue radical—said that America would probably go Fascist, by another name, after the war, and intimated that the isolation of an Left-winger in the United States Forces was more complete than any isolationist could possibly desire. Fortunately, few of these counties' great churches have been damaged by bombs; Coggeshall is one sad exception. Thaxted is still liturgical and musical peculiar, in the best sense of the word; its political tradition also is maintained by the late Conrad Noel's son-in-law. Everywhere this summer has been a series of hebdomadal jamborees: if it isn't Wings for Victory Week it's Stay-at-home Holiday Week—each providing a socially respectable excuse for having a good time in wartime and spending money that the authorities who organise such affairs say ought to be saved. At a distribution of Wings for Victory trophies at Braintree, I was honoured to meet the local Stay-at-home Holiday Queen, an extremely pretty 19-year-old factory worker named Dulcie Ashford. Other entertainments are in aid of "Victory Funds," for post-war share-outs among local servicemen—an idea inaugurated at Burnham-on-Crouch and spreading widely. Everywhere also are camps—pre-entry training or harvest camps: London schoolgirls learn about stooking, which in parts of Essex—e.g. at Tolleshunt Major—is called traving (*trave*, says the Oxford Dictionary, is a dialect variant of *thrave*, *threave*, two shocks of corn.

* * *

There was an interesting variation in caption treatment of the picture, published by most newspapers the other day, of food being thrown

rom balconies into the upstretched hands of the eople of Catania. Most of the papers referred, tones of slight or sharp disapprobation, to looting." The *Daily Mirror* headed the picture Fall of Fascism," and said: "The well-stocked arehouses in this picture belonged to the gentry' of Catania, who had grown rich by eeping Sicilians poor. . . . Crowds thronged he streets while men on the balconies threw own to them the food and clothes badly needed. . . So Fascism will always fall when the people se against it." The *Daily Worker* said it showed townspeople organising the distribution of goods etrieved from stocks hoarded by Fascist officials." ut surely AMGOT would check any such olitical bias?

* * *

Apart from his belief that Governments ought o spend more money on scientific research, I now little of the political views of Lord Cherwell formerly Professor Lindemann), and think that might not agree with them. He has, however, n agreeable sense of English style, in which an cho of his Master's voice can occasionally be etected. Here are three fragments from a ecent speech of his in the Lords:—

. . . professional scientists, who make rather a fetish of meaning the same thing when they make the same noise, are taken aback at times by the way the word "scientific" is used. So far as I can see, its meaning has been extended . . . to comprise any or all of the adjectives "exact," "logical," "sensible," or even merely "reasonable."

I hope that not to have heard of the Law of Conservation of Energy will soon be as shameful as not to have heard of the Norman Conquest.

A man who is content to spend most of his working life pondering about the mathematical formula which expresses the relationship between the structure of the atoms and the light they emit, about how a protein molecule is built up, or a nervous impulse propagated, may well not be sought after as a boon companion at the bar.

Lord Cherwell holds one of the obscurer offices in the Government. How many of the people at your dinner-table or in your railway-carriage would recall offhand that he is Paymaster-General? How many can recall the names of the Postmaster-General, the Minister of Economic Warfare, the Solicitor-General, the Dominions Secretary?

* * *

As an occasional broadcaster, fortified always by a glass of water at the elbow, I envy those regulars who dare to smoke our acrid English cigarettes at the very microphone. I don't know which would be the more embarrassing disaster during a broadcast—a fit of uncontrollable coughing or sneezing, or a fit of uncontrollable and improper laughter: I suppose the latter. It happened the other day—a rare, perhaps unprecedented, accident—to one of our most respected and best-voiced announcers. He was reading—which made it worse—a serious, indeed tragic, account of the enemy's behaviour in Europe. As sometimes happens, he had not read the script beforehand. With an agonisingly comic spasm he suddenly realised that he had just read the phrase, ". . . . *long lines of Hamburgers were passing through the town.*" He collapsed in helpless laughter. A not exactly comparable crisis occurred some years ago, when an equally eminent B.B.C. voice was reading a description of a volcanic eruption. He referred to "streams of lager—*I* beg your pardon, lava. . . ."

* * *

I learned with regret of the death of David Adams, Labour M.P. for Consett—and with surprise that he was 72. I had thought that he was in his early 60s. In appearance he was the most untypical Labour Member: with his solemn, somewhat prim, face and old-fashioned high collar, he looked like a Victorian family solicitor. He attended assiduously at Westminster, sitting always rigidly upright, arms folded, gazing sternly straight ahead at the Government front bench. Two subjects on which he spoke often and effectively were pasteurisation and the colonial empire—especially Jamaica. One of his last Parliamentary questions concerned the cost of living in Fiji, a matter on which too few M.P.s are expert. The last words he spoke in the House were on behalf of a lowly group who can say little for themselves—workers in Government employment in Sierra Leone.

* * *

Note the cautious precision of language of the middle-aged chartered accountant who was fined 5s. at Marlborough Street for being drunk in Regent Street, and said, according to the *News of the World*, "I think the standards of drink they now supply in the ordinary houses vary so much that I always limit mine to *what I call twelve*. It is extremely hard to make any mathematical computation."

TOM DRIBERG

## THIS ENGLAND

**A 5/- prize for the first entry in this column goes to J. Thewlis.**

**Paste entries on postcard or slip of paper and give details of origin. Address to THIS ENGLAND, 10 Great Turnstile, W.C.1.**

Bride's Outfit, also Two Bridesmaids never been used; no coupons required. Please write or call.—From the Oldham *Evening Chronicle*.

. . . Queen Charlotte's Hospital — one of the most famous in the country—expectant mothers would have to book up eleven months ahead! That, said Miss Dare, the Matron, is the present position.—*Sunday Pictorial*.

For assaulting his wife by striking her with a dog, Andrew Kennedy was yesterday fined £4. It was stated that Kennedy returned home the worse for drink and demanded his tea. It was not quite ready, and without provocation he got hold of the dog's lead, swung the animal up in the air, and brought it down on his wife's head and shoulders. Mr. J. Gibson, deputy fiscal, described it as "a novel type of assault."—*Daily Mirror*.

Having succeeded to a great position, he soon showed that he intended worthily to fulfil its obligations. Unflagging in his work for country and county, he hunted at Melton and took a prominent part in racing, having a remarkably successful career on the turf.—From a notice on the late Duke of Portland, in the *Household Brigade Magazine* (Brigade of Guards) Summer, 1943.

## DE GAULLE ON SOLITUDE

(After William Cowper)

I welcome the arrangement between Gen. de Gaulle and Gen. Giraud as representing a still further contribution to French unity. H.M. Government is in consultation with the major Allied Governments on the question of the recognition of the Committee of National Liberation.—Eden, House of Commons, August 4th.

France has now a single army and a responsible body of leaders; her claim to take her proper place in the Allied councils is irresistible.—*Daily Telegraph*, August 5th.

I AM monarch of all I survey
(So far as the U.S. allows),
Algerians my orders obey
And the fighters of France I arouse.
But Sovereignty, where are thy charms,
Far away from my own native land?
The Powers lend Giraud his arms,
But extend me no welcoming hand.

O Victory, where is thy boast
If their favours in vain I must court?
Winds waft to this horrible coast
No pleasing or cordial report.
My Allies still my title disdain,
My form with indifference they see,
My features are perfectly plain
But they fail to recognise me.

They recognise all of the rest,
The hotchpotch of kings in exile,
The Poles and Hellenes they have blessed
And the Jugoslavs bask in their smile;
But deaf to my urgent appeal,
They leave me severely alone,
Though even with Franco they deal,
And even Ramirez condone.

What avails my Committee's accord
While they shun me in solitude here?
I have heard Eden's welcoming word,
But is Eden completely sincere?
With every equivocal speech
My title to rule is impugned—
Like Dido I stand on the beach,
A leader completely marooned.

I am monarch of all I behold,
In an Empire my name is supreme,
But the Powers that goodwill withhold,
Which they showered on the Darlan regime.
They view my pretensions askance,
Their coldness is shocking to see—
They deny recognition to France
By refusing to recognise me.

SAGITTARIUS

# BROADCASTING

[We print this article by C. E. M. Joad as a personal contribution to a discussion on the future of broadcasting.—ED. *N. S. & N.*]

FOR a variety of reasons, the future of broadcasting is in the air. A successor must sooner or later be appointed to Sir Cecil Graves, and it is difficult to believe that the appointment will not be influenced by political considerations. If, as is rumoured, the dual *rôles* of policy director and administrator, joined in the persons of previous directors, but separated under the joint Graves-Foot regime, are reunited, the appointment of the new director will be a political event. Again, for the first time in its history, the B.B.C.'s monopoly has been infringed by public broadcasts from radio stations on British soil of programmes designed to appeal to the American troops. One American station is said to be technically efficient and reasonably successful in giving the Americans what they want to hear. If the monopoly can be broken for American listeners in Britain, why not, it is asked, for British listeners in Britain?

Changes both technical and administrative in the post-war system of broadcasting are also under active discussion. The Post Office is said to be hankering after the whole of the technical side of broadcasting: if it had its way, the effect would be to restrict the function of the B.B.C. to that of supplier of programmes. The Post Office cites in its support an Act of 1870 which gives it a monopoly of "communications." Under this system private houses would be wired as for telephones; programmes would be relayed over the wires and the loud speaker would replace the radio set. The electricity companies are also credited with the desire to capture the technical side of broadcasting, and research is actively proceeding with a view to the possibility of relaying programmes over the electrical supply system. You would plug in as for electric light and the voice would be heard through a loud speaker, the radio set being again eliminated. The effects of both these potential developments would be similar. They include the annoyance and hostility of the radio manufacturers, and the restriction of the average listener, who it may be assumed would not go to the expense of a radio set, to the three or four programmes relayed from the Home Station or Stations.

These are currents below the surface, but a movement for replacing the B.B.C. monopoly after the war by free competitive broadcasting has already broken it. The idea is that radio stations like newspapers should be established by whatever group saw advantage to itself, whether in terms of power or money or both, in moulding the public mind and exploiting the public leisure.

The notion of free competitive broadcasting has always been scouted in this country as incompatible with the dignity of the radio. "Those who most urgently press criticisms of the B.B.C.," concludes a leading article in this journal discussing the new Charter prolonging the Corporation's life for a further ten years (January, 1937, to January, 1947) after rehearsing every conceivable objection to the B.B.C. monopoly, and roundly criticising the use that has been

made of it, " are not, when it comes to the point, in favour of denationalising the B.B.C.'s monopoly of the air and allowing private enterprise to develop broadcasting stations which would be 'sponsored' by wealthier capitalistic interests."

The reasons why the critics are " not in favour " are not always as clear as could be wished. Here are two media, space and time and two sense organs, the eye and the ear. Here, further, are two instruments of communication: the first makes use of space and reaches the mind through the organ of the eye, the second takes time and makes its entry through the ear. The first is the press, the second is broadcasting. So far as the press is concerned, its freedom is habitually regarded as one of the pillars of democracy. Statesmen eulogise a free press in public even when they curse it in private, tolerate it in peacetime and control it no more than they must in wartime; witness, for example, the repeated asseverations of the present Minister of Information on the subject. The common man agrees on the whole with the statesman, and readers of this journal agree, for once, with the common man.

When the Nazis took over the German press, how we pitied its unfortunate readers, compelled to take their Government-supplied mental aliment through the official feeding tube of the *Voelkische-Beobachter*. English Liberals and Democrats have never felt quite easy in their minds even about *Pravda*. . . . The freedom of the press is, indeed, with all of us an article of faith. What is there, then, one may ask, in the difference of media and sense organs which renders a principle desirable and acceptable in its application to communications in space and through the eye, undesirable and inacceptable in its application to communications in time and through the ear? Postponing the answer to this question, let us ask another. What are the main differences between the two kinds of communications, and how far are they relevant to the matter of principle? I can perceive three: first, you can choose what you will read in the paper, but, once the radio is turned on, you cannot choose what you will hear from that station; secondly, you can turn back and read again, but you cannot turn back and listen again; thirdly, while there are no considerations restricting the number of newspapers except those of commerce, there can be, indeed there are, technical considerations, restricting the number of broadcasting stations.

Of these differences, the first two seem to me to be irrelevant, the third highly relevant. I shall return to it later. Provisionally, I should contend that, so far as the question of principle is concerned, the arguments in favour of a free press are not fundamentally different from those in favour of free broadcasting.

What are they?

They were forcibly stated in the article in this journal to which reference has already been made. First, that the B.B.C. has become " a sort of miniature totalitarian State in which intelligence and enterprise are increasingly stultified by the control of a semi-military bureaucracy." The appointment as Director of Talks, with control over " one of the greatest of cultural influences in this country," not of Shaw, or Wells, or T. S. Eliot, or E. M. Forster, or Max, or Gilbert Murray, or Sir Richard Livingstone, or the Master of Balliol, but of a member of the Indian Civil Service, whose last official post was that of British Minister to Afghanistan, was cited as an example of this development. Secondly, that " shot at from every side, subjected to pressure from Government Departments, foreign embassies and important personages of all sorts," the B.B.C has developed " a terror of 'dangerous thoughts.' " If it does not pre-suppose a listening clientèle comprised of Conservative Christian maiden aunts, it accepts the necessity of never on any subject permitting anything to be said which could offend the delicacy, stir the minds or promote the disagreements of Conservative Christian maiden aunts, as its major canon of policy. As a result, it is remote from the feelings of the masses and the aspirations of the young. Thirdly, as a special case of the avoidance of " dangerous thoughts," it is obliged by its position to serve " as the organ of the British ruling class, whether its habitat be Mayfair or Smith Square." Fourthly, within the framework of this over-riding obligation, its position as a sort of frontier department of the Civil Service imposes upon it the Service tradition of impartiality. Impartiality makes for justice when you are judging a case, but for dullness when you are pleading it. To give gentle taps on both sides of the question may be the art of the statesman, but to hit hard on one side of it only is the glory of the advocate. The B.B.C. has sat so long and so persistently on the fence of every controversial issue that the iron of dullness has entered into its soul.

Such were the criticisms of seven years ago. Who shall say that they have lost force to-day? Inevitably, the circumstances of wartime have reinforced them. By throwing into high relief the B.B.C.'s function as an instrument of State propaganda and an organ of State proclamation, they have necessarily increased its State-dependence. There is no ground for quarrel here, nor is any change proposed while the war lasts, but when it is over, is it a foregone conclusion that the monopoly must persist?

It is a curious fact that most of us, while realising the necessity and extolling the virtues of a free press, are horrified at the prospect of releasing the air to free competitive enterprise. Private commercial broadcasting would be captured, we fear, by the financial big battalions (so is the press); it would be dependent upon the advertisers (so is the press); it would be irresponsible and undignified and vulgar (so are large parts of the press). These, no doubt, are grave disadvantages but, in practice, they can be mitigated. Just as one's eye learns to skip the advertisements, so one's ear would warn one in advance of the coming reference to the razor, the whisky, or the paste, the inevitable peg upon which the whole programme would be so disinterestedly hung. In the first case one turns the page; in the second, one would turn the knob. Moreover, just as there have always been newspapers willing to forgo the large advertisement revenue which a big circulation brings, in order to provide higher-class goods for more developed tastes, so the programmes of one or more broadcasting stations might be dominated by the same policy. In other words, there might be a radio equivalent of the *Manchester Guardian*.

Let all be said that can be said against the competitive commercial system; yet I have been assured again and again by people who are accustomed to broadcasting in the U.S.A. that they hear more virile and original talks and enjoy better music, over some one or other of the networks of the competing American broadcasting systems, than the B.B.C., which must cater for all tastes, provides in this country.

But these considerations are besides the mark, since it is too much to expect that the B.B.C.'s monopoly will disappear overnight. The thing will, and I dare say ought, to happen in stages. What we might reasonably demand after the war is the following: The number of medium-wave stations being limited by technical considerations —if there are too many they will jam—the Government must, it is obvious, control the allocation of medium wavelengths. Let us then envisage three national stations, operating over medium wavelengths: appointments to their Boards of Directors would be subject to the approval of the Government, but, once approved, the directors would be free to pursue their own policies. To these must be added a Government-controlled B.B.C. fulfilling functions analogous to those of a national theatre and a national newspaper. Finally, we might budget for a number of short-wave regional stations, operating over limited geographical areas, and putting out programmes with a regional flavour. A compromise on these lines would combine some freedom with some responsibility; the freedom of the short-wave regionals, the responsibility of the national B.B.C.; and the modified freedom and modified responsibility of the three approved national medium-wave stations.

But the ramifications of the subjects are too many to be followed up in a single article. For example, I have said nothing of the effects of television, which is inevitable, or of frequency modulation which is likely to be increasingly introduced. In fact, this is a " trailer " for an article rather than an article.

C. E. M. JOAD

## THIS STICK BUSINESS

IN 1933 a clause in the Children and Young Persons Bill abolishing the power of the Juvenile Courts to order birching was passed by the House of Commons, and then turned down by the House of Lords. Ever since then the exponents of the give-him-a-good-thrashing policy have been fighting a bitter rearguard action. Most of these people did not even read the Report of the Departmental Committee on Corporal Punishment (1938), and the proposal of the Criminal Justice Bill (1939) to give effect to its recommendations by abolishing the powers of the courts to pass sentences of corporal punishment came as a bitter blow to them. But when the war came and the Bill was not proceeded with, they heaved a sigh of relief.

I wonder how many of the enlightened parents who live at peace with their children and talk about the horrors of the Victorian Age realise what a short way into society this enlightenment has penetrated. Would it surprise them to hear that in certain circles whenever juvenile delinquency is mentioned some old fellow pops up and says: " The Juvenile Courts are much too soft: what is wanted is a good dose of the stick!" He adds a few reminiscences about the whippings he had at school, in the unctuous tone of one implying: " Look what it's made of me!" (What indeed?) then sits down in a glow of self-complacency amid the plaudits of his fellows.

Anyone who had no working-class friends, but only sat in a Juvenile Court, would begin to think that all workers thrashed their children. Very often when a boy is brought before us, even for a trivial bit of mischief, the parent is asked, " Have you punished him?" More often than not the reply is: " Yes, sir, I've given him a good thrashing!" Or, maybe, two good thrashings, and once even, the parent, a stepfather, said: " I thrash him four times a week." Fortunately for my peace of mind, I know many working-class parents who never thrash their children—and their children are never seen in the Juvenile Court. How do you account for this, Mr. Spare-the-Rod-and-Spoil-the-Child? If thrashing is as efficacious as you would have us believe, why is it that the children of parents who do their duty in this direction so nobly and so often are just the ones who appear in the Juvenile Courts?

There is a lot of talk about Juvenile " Crime " just at present, but nobody seems to look at it from the point of view of the child concerned. Let us take a close-up view of what happens to Johnny Smith when he's been " naughty." Johnny, being a very ordinary sort of boy, throws a few stones through the window of an empty house, or pulls up some cabbage plants on an allotment, or, finding his own towel pinched at the baths, pinches someone else's. In our young days a swift backhander or a good cursing would have finished the matter, but now Johnny is in for weeks of trouble. First come the police, with lengthy inquiries, followed by a punishment from Ma, who hates having the police " nosing around." Then Dad comes home, hears he has to lose a day's work to go to Court, loses his temper and gives Johnny a good thrashing. Court day brings fresh misery; anxious hours of waiting, with Dad angry and Ma frightened, leave Johnny in ill condition to answer questions in a strange atmosphere, and he probably tells the magistrates he has nothing to say, and is thought a very sullen and obstinate child. So he is remanded for inquiries, a probation officer arrives and asks Ma a lot of questions, and she

naturally takes it out of Johnny. The local education authorities get on to Johnny's headmaster (does this involve another thrashing?) who consults his class-teacher; long before this, of course, it is all round the school that Johnny is "in trouble." Court day comes round again (perhaps Dad manages to get out of going this time, but woe betide Johnny if he doesn't), all the reports are read out, Ma does her level best to stick up for her little son, and sentence is duly pronounced, usually accompanied by a lecture on the importance of respecting other people's property. If it's a fine Johnny is reminded of his "crime" for many long weeks by loss of pocket-money, but he may be put on probation and have to report to the probation officer for anything up to two years. Poor Johnny! What a sense of grievance we adults would get if we were punished so many times for the same offence! But children are long-suffering creatures and they learn at a very early age that grown-ups always make an awful lot of fuss about very little. And Johnny's case and those of thousands of others like him go to swell the mounting statistics of Juvenile Delinquency.

What is my solution? A little more readiness on the part of grown-ups to realise that "boys will be boys" (and this includes girls)—a timely warning instead of such constant resort to the police—and above all, a great many more communal meals, play centres and youth clubs to offset the inevitable neglect of their children by mothers and fathers too fully occupied in winning the war.

A WOMAN MAGISTRATE

## WIND UP

I CANNOT remember any year in which the wind has blown more irritatingly than in this. We have had sunny weather and wet weather, but, whatever the weather has been, it has been accompanied by a wind that has destroyed the pleasures of sunshine and doubled the displeasures of rain. "The wind's all wrong this year," a countrywoman said the other day. "You get cold winds from the south-west, and warm winds from the north-east. Do you think the war can have anything to do with it?" I myself, who am both by age and by temperament a deck-chair man, have become more and more conscious of this perversity of the weather. We are now in the eighth month of the year; but only on a few days before the present week have I been able to sit in the garden in the morning in my pyjamas and dressing gown and feel at ease in the fresh air of Heaven as I studied the morning papers. Almost always there has been a nagging half-gale from some point of the compass. The world has been fuller of draughts than I have ever previously known it, and again and again, even on beautiful-looking Spring days, I have been driven indoors to the refuge of an arm-chair.

Yet I have always thought of myself as a wind-lover—or, at least, a wind-liker. I remember how when I first read a line in a poem by W. B. Yeats:

I became a man, a hater of the wind,

I wondered what he could mean by it. From childhood most of us have had a natural affection for the wind. The wind that whips the sea into a surf and drives the foam yards beyond its wont up the sands is one of our earliest architects of awe and delight. To battle against the wind is for infancy an exhilaration. To hear the wind moaning in the chimney is to experience the terrifying happiness of listening to a ghost-story in which one almost believes. How often as a child have I been brought downstairs in the midnight hours during a great gale lest the chimney should fall through the roof and crush us in our beds! And how pleasure was blended with fear as we sat up and listened to the battering of the storm at those normally unpermitted hours! Fear and pleasure are curiously intertwined in a good deal of human happiness, and in nothing more than in the happiness we sometimes experience in a storm.

In spite of my early late-sittings during gales, however, I have never really longed for storms. If I were crossing the English Channel to-day—or rather if I were crossing it in peacetime—I should hope for a sea as smooth as a sheet of ice. To sit on deck and be borne through still blue waters with no climbing waves to disturb the serenity of the most thalassophobic passenger—is not that, with the accompaniment of crying gulls, the perfection of sea travel? And yet in retrospect can one honestly say that one has ever regretted a stormy passage? One's vanity rises as one reads in the papers, the day after, that, according to the captain of the boat, the gale that one has survived was the worst he has known for twenty years. I myself will never cease to regret that, on my only trip to and from the New World, the Atlantic billows never rose higher than the waves at Brighton. I did not wish for storms at the time, but, looking back, I wish I had been through an Atlantic gale. I should like to have been an actor in a past in which a storm-tossed ship beat its way up watery mountainsides and down into the trough beyond. I do not wholeheartedly enjoy storms at sea, but I enjoy having been through storms at sea.

Even during a storm at sea, however, there are compensations for one's nervousness. The bumping and thumping of the ship through night waters swirled into whiteness by the tempest excite some glands in the body not only to terror but to enjoyment. The lack of sea-legs is an embarrassment; but, holding on to a post, one is a spectator of one of the world's wonders. One can understand how Turner had himself lashed to a mast during a gale at sea in order that he might absorb to the full the monstrous beauties of wind and water in conflict.

Probably in regard to wind, there are two conflicting schools—the wind-lovers and the wind-haters. You will find specimens of both schools in almost every railway carriage. There are men so much in love with currents of air that they will open a window even on the iciest days of winter. There are others who will shut the window even on the sultriest days of summer. Human beings differ about draughts as bitterly as theologians once differed about what nowadays seem less important matters. The Frenchman fears a *courant d'air* as though it were a miasmatic evil. The athletic young Englishwoman drinks it in as though it were the elixir of life. And the sad thing is that there is no possibility of compromise on the matter. The draught-hater is a bigot—what is erroneously called a man of principle—who looks on even a chink of open window as the thin end of the wedge. I once knew a man who would not accept an invitation to a dinner-party in a restaurant until he had inspected the position of the table and made sure that no window in the neighbourhood would be open. If he smelt or felt an inch of fresh air near the table, he shook his head and dined at home.

This seems to me a sign not only of physical, but of mental and moral, ill-health. Yet I have known strong men, wise men and good men who had this passionate hatred of air in circulation. Experiments prove that, if you keep a guinea-pig in stagnant air, its spirit flags and it becomes all but lifeless; and that, if you circulate the air, however foul it may be, the guinea-pig reawakens to normal activity. So far as I can see, however, human beings are not like guinea-pigs. The fresh-air haters flourish on stagnation. They peak and pine only in pure circumambulatory air. Some of those I have known, I cannot help thinking, would have regarded the Black Hole of Calcutta as a home from home.

Between the two extremes of the faintest draught and the fiercest gale there are enough varieties of wind to make observation of their comings and goings the hobby of a lifetime. In the early years of the nineteenth century Admiral Beaufort devised a scale for the measurement and nomenclature of winds, which ran as follows:—

| Scale No. | Wind | Miles an Hour |
|---|---|---|
| 0 | Calm | 0 |
| 1 | Light air | 3 |
| 2 | Light breeze | 13 |
| 3 | Gentle breeze | 18 |
| 4 | Moderate breeze | 23 |
| 5 | Fresh breeze | 28 |
| 6 | Strong breeze | 34 |
| 7 | Moderate gale | 40 |
| 8 | Fresh gale | 48 |
| 9 | Strong gale | 56 |
| 10 | Whole gale | 65 |
| 11 | Storm | 75 |
| 12 | Hurricane | 90 |

The scale, I believe, has been modernised since then; but Admiral Beaufort was the first to endow each wind with an individual value as unmistakable as that of an English stamp. I once met an old landlubber in a seaside hotel, who spent most of his holiday gazing into the wind and correcting his wife—who did her melancholy best to share his interests—if she mistook a strong breeze for a moderate gale. He loved his winds and would not have them misnamed. He could talk for an hour on the difference between a strong gale and a whole gale or between a storm and a hurricane. The hoisting of the storm signal on the flagstaff at the local coastguard station filled him with delight. "We may have a hurricane yet," he would shout enthusiastically through the tempest into which he had dragged me. Calm days had no interest for him. A calm day was to him a *dies non*.

Unlike Admiral Beaufort most people seem to label winds according to their direction rather than according to their mileage per hour. The ancients seem to have personified the chief winds of the compass under such directional names as Boreas and to have considered some of them inimical to life and health. In England proverbial wisdom has given the East Wind a bad name. Some years ago a resident on the coast of Sussex wrote: "Here the East Wind is reckoned to take three days to blow up, three days to blow and three days to die away, and there is a saying that, especially in Spring, it 'leaves sickness behind it and brings pests in the garden.'" Not everyone will admit, however, that the general dislike of the East Wind is justified. Sir Napier Shaw maintained some years ago that the villain among winds is not an East Wind or a South Wind but a "katabatic" wind, and a "katabatic" wind, we were told, is not a wind that blows from this or that point of the compass: it "is one that blows not horizontally like ordinary winds, but downwards from ice-topped mountains." This wind, Sir Napier declared, is "the bitterest enemy of mankind." As he puts it in more simple language: "It causes discontinuity; and it nibbles the energy that causes the convection and produces the rain that accounts for the wind in the cyclonic house of the Northern Hemisphere." That, no doubt, is the explanation of many a ruined summer holiday.

To me, however, the wind has always been a subject full of mystery. I do not know why a wind begins to blow, or why, having begun to blow, it ever stops. For me the wind bloweth when, where and why it listeth, and I cannot grasp the explanation of such facts as that "in the Northern Hemisphere an observer who stands with his back to the wind will have lower pressure to his left than to his right. In the Southern Hemisphere the reverse holds." The one thing about the wind that I really know is that I like it, as I like sunshine, in moderation. And who would wish to have the sun blazing for twenty-four hours a day? This year the wind seems to have blown twenty-four hours a day seven days a week month after month—an immoderate statement but impressionistically true. I long for a spell of Admiral Beaufort's calm. It would, I am sure, be good for the tomatoes, good for the runner beans, and good for me in my deck chair.

Y. Y.

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## PLAYS AND PICTURES

**Redfern Gallery**

The summer show at Redfern is delightful. To see again *L'atelier* of Matisse is in itself a handsome treat. This is a noble trophy from one of the most ardent and experimental phases of the master's career. Not Diogenes could have eliminated more thoroughly the superfluous; and the energy economised has been devoted to raising every line and relation to its highest intensity. The rendering of detail throughout is as energetic as it is exquisite. Other great French artists —Corot, Courbet, Bonnard, Vuillard, Rousault, Utrillo, Boudin—are represented less magnificently, but are represented; and the English cut a good figure. Especially to be noted are three pictures by Gore and Pasmore's *Interior*. This last the attentive gallery-goer may remember as an attractive but rather empty Still Life; the artist has reconstructed and enriched it, and the difference between the picture before us now and the picture of our recollection gives a measure of Pasmore's progress. Works by Gilman, Du Plessis, Moynihan, Gowing, Loiseau, and Alison Debenham happened to catch the writer's eye; also a sketch (No. 90) by that unassuming, sensitive young painter, Derek Hill: but the whole show is enjoyable and to be enjoyed properly must be enjoyed at leisure. Let no one fail to visit the subterranean room where, amongst many charming and amusing things, is to be found a drawing by Buhler which seems to justify the high hopes of that artist raised from time to time in this paper.

**Nicholson Gallery**

*Le Temps* used to present, and may still present, the *Rubrique*: "*Art et Curiosité*." One must admit that most of the things in this collection, "Artists at Work," are curious rather than artistic The curiosity value of such a picture as *No.* 10, the inside of a Parisian studio in 1843 by one Kirsch, is considerable. It is a document. And, it must be confessed, that is as much as can be said in favour of Wilkie's description of the interior of Leslie's studio twenty years earlier. Of the old—i.e., dead—painters here represented the best would appear to be Chier Dimitriu Thornali, a Greek of the seventeenth century, who gives us his notion of St. Luke portraying the Virgin Mary, in the Byzantine taste brought up to date by a bowing acquaintance with the Italians. It must have looked uncommonly modish at Mistra, or Megalo Castron, in the reign of Suleiman II. Of contemporaries Ardizzone, Caroline Lucas, Albert Rutherston and Rupert Shepherd come out well.

**"Blow Your Own Trumpet," at the Playhouse**

It is reported that this play was written in three days. We hope that the report is a calumny, for it would be an insolence to invite actors to rehearse, or the public to attend, so perfunctory a work. Even if Mr. Ustinov spent three *years* on it, he would have been better advised to spend six. For the dialogue is repetitive, the action slow, and the purport blurred. Mr. Ustinov has a great gift for caricaturing senility, in particularly the senility of foreigners. In order to make such silhouettes fill a whole evening, he makes them pretentiously symbolical; and the action takes place in a gloom against a background of weakly-drawn colossi. Symbolism is never tolerable, we suggest, unless treated by a poetical imagination. Fortunately the symbolism becomes oppressively obvious only in the second half of the play. Earlier we had been interested by the characters and by the excellence of the acting. Messrs. Malandrinos, Urbach, Marlé, Brook-Jones and Miss Lilli Kann are richly un-English, and the slighter roles are well sustained. Mr. Esmé Percy ends the play with a monologue made incomprehensible by his vocalisation and the accompanying music. But the rest of his performance is dazzling, and among our happiest memories of the theatre will be his conducting an imaginary orchestra in the Overture from *Zampa*.

**Theatre Designs, Posters and Photography. Civil Defence Artists at the Cooling Galleries**

Neither theatrical decor nor the poster offers a suitable medium to the amateur, and this exhibition therefore has fewer contributions and is intrinsically less interesting than its predecessors. Vera Cuningham in her sets for *The Gentle People* and for a *Romeo and Juliet* ballet, Samson Schames's design for *The Old Bachelors* and Gunther Wagner's *Barcarolle in the Finchley Road* deserve praise. There are uncommonly good photographs by A. E. Hansen, Arthur Cross and H. Mortimer.

## THE MOVIES

**"Bataan," at the Empire**
**"Action in the North Atlantic," at Warner's**
**"The Flemish Farm," at Leicester Square**
**"Thursday's Child," at A.B.C. Cinemas**

In *Bataan*, an American film of the "expendable" men holding up the Japs, you will look in vain for:

a blonde,
wise-cracking cronies,
the sout sergeant,
the hero who won't knuckle under but wins the war,
night-clubs,
puppies.

In fact, this isn't war at all as we have got to know it from Hollywood. Thirteen men, odds and ends from the retreating American forces, are left to fight a rearguard action. They blow up a bridge, every night the bridge is repaired and has to be blown up again in the morning, they are bombed, machine-gunned from all angles, and die off one by one. In the end, as the last man falls, the Japs press forward. It's a heroic story, in the category of *Dawn Patrol* rather than of *Nine Men*, and the swing to realism is sudden and complete. Too sudden for audiences brought up on the bravadoes of Hollywood and Elstree. The Empire audience loses its head and its manners three-quarters of the way through *Bataan*, when the in-fighting begins. "Bayonets now!" hissed a perspiring woman down my neck. Howls, guffaws, roars of delight greeted every death on the screen. They might have been enjoying an all-in wrestling match. Had the film ceased to grip? No, it ends as it began, with an austerity new to American war films. But the audience knows the other sort of film, with easy laughs and every bullet wide of its billet, and it's determined here to enjoy a rough-and-tumble, come what may. The ten-little-nigger-boys theme means that death has to be repeated a number of times; this inevitable repetition is dramatised with restraint, but there is, of course, to the fudge-fed mind some monotony in the relentless grind of events. It will need several more films like *Bataan* (no doubt they are on the way) before the new point of view can be established. Meanwhile, *Bataan* does its job very well indeed. Tay Garnett's direction and the acting by a cast of fourteen, including Lloyd Nolan, Robert Taylor and Thomas Mitchell, suggest that Hollywood may be on the way to producing war films which will rival in atmosphere and character the gangster pieces of pre-war days.

As tough and exciting, and again with no concessions to flim-flam, is *Action in the North Atlantic*. This film about merchant seamen (directed by Lloyd Bacon) starts with some extraordinarily vivid scenes of a blazing oil-tanker and a number of men drifting on a raft for days. We follow their adventures afterwards in a Liberty ship accompanying a convoy from New York to Murmansk. The convoy is attacked by dive-bombers and submarines; there is a protracted and thrilling duel between sub. and Liberty ship in which, for hours of darkness, each has its engines off and waits listening for the other. Bogart, Raymond Massey Alan Hale and Sam Levene make this film exciting in the pauses between violent action. It belongs to the tradition of chain-gang and lynching films. Sensational realism—to judge from *Action in the North Atlantic* and *Bataan*—is going to be the American equivalent of our war documentaries; and we may expect something loud, dramatised, human and brilliantly actual. The competition—I am thinking of our own devotion to straight fact and muted emotion—will be tough.

I have almost forgotten already, for example, *The Flemish Farm*, a good little English film about the Belgian air force and going back to rescue the regimental flag. Quietly and well acted (Clifford Evans, Clive Brook and Philip Friend), an improbable plot taken from life, continuously persuasive detail, direction (Jeffrey Dell) with a touch of subtlety. What does it lack in comparison with the two American films? Chiefly, hitting power and a star system which at times can guarantee the best actor for any part.

Rodney Acland's *Thursday's Child* is a second-feature film which deserves a showing in the West End. It has a theme (a child that refuses to be made into a prodigy), a real background in English suburban life and, despite some inexpertness in direction, it is worth ten *Men in Grey*. Attractive performance by Sally Ann Howes as the child.

WILLIAM WHITEBAIT

# Correspondence

## BROADCASTING MONOPOLY

SIR,—It is hard to imagine how anyone with an open mind can say the B.B.C. is one of the best organisations of its kind in the world. How does the B.B.C. compare with the independent radio networks in the U.S.A.? Surely mediocrity is stamped all over the B.B.C., and only deliberate blinking can make one say the results of a commercialised broadcasting system are not encouraging. Whilst you may be able to join hands with Mr. Bracken on this issue, it is not right to give your readers a false impression of broadcasting in the United States.

Your reference to Father Coughlin would almost amount to a travesty of the position. Father Coughlin has not broadcast for many years and, even when he did, his audience was limited.

Whilst advertising *per se* might not be desirable, commercialised broadcasting does offer greater scope to initiative, and affords greater freedom of expression than any organisation with a Civil Service outlook.

Just consider what the U.S.A. programmes offer. Twice every day there is direct news from all the leading capitals and war fronts; a high standard of independent commentary is provided by men of outstanding ability, such as Raymond Gram Swing, Ray Clapper and William Shirer; there are public debates of high quality like "Town Meeting on the Air" and "People's Forum," the like of which are all unknown in this country. The musical programmes and criticism are of an incomparably high standard compared to the B.B.C., whilst lighter entertainment for the masses is provided by such outstanding personalities as Eddie Cantor, Bing Crosby.

What have we in this country to compare with Station WQXR?

It may be unfashionable to praise private enterprise, but there is little doubt that competition as it exists in the U.S. serves the public much better than a monopoly organisation like the B.B.C.

I am not in favour of advertising or blindly following the United States, but I think we get nowhere by turning facts upside down. H. H. WINGATE

## WAR PENSIONS

SIR,—Mr. Jack Maunder's letter on Pensions in THE NEW STATESMAN AND NATION of the 7th inst., appears to be based on a misunderstanding of the Government's White Paper, when he says that "the Government appears to be giving larger pensions to the 'other ranks' than to non-regular junior officers in the same category."

Articles 18, 19 and 20 of the White Paper dealing with seriously disabled unemployable pensioners apply equally to officers and "other ranks."

Your correspondent is therefore quite wrong when he says that the child of a totally disabled subaltern would be in a financially inferior position to the child of his totally disabled batman.

Ministry of Pensions, S.W.1. F. W. BYRON, Public Relations Officer

## STATE MEDICAL SERVICE

SIR,—I feel impelled to put in a word supplemental to the letter of "Northumberland Practitioner" in your last issue. I, like he, am convinced that this hurried introduction of the Beveridge Scheme piecemeal is but an official trap calculated to take in the sentimentalists of the Socialist Party, so that the Government may get control over medical certification in view of the increased sick benefits which will become payable under the Beveridge Scheme. As

"Northumberland Practitioner" says, "In the past the patient has employed the doctor, who has always given the benefit of the doubt to his patient." A State salaried family doctor not necessarily selected by his patient, and having no temptation to do more work than he is obliged, will be a yes-man, as most civil servants are in fact. It is futile to pretend that financial motives have no influence in inducing most men of special ability and technical knowledge to devote themselves to work such as that of general practice, which is four-fifths drudgery. I don't know what is the length of "Northumberland Practitioner's" personal experience of panel work in a poor district; but I was in practice in a slum district several years before the Health Insurance Act was introduced by Mr. Lloyd George, and I know at first hand what the doctoring was like in such a district at that time. With the exception of a few keen Socialists, prepared to devote their lives to drudgery, the poor had at their disposal the medical services of what we may fairly call the failures of the profession—the drinkers and the bone-lazy, with the option in some cases of the ministrations of the parish doctor with the alternative of going into "The House." Twenty years ago, I pointed out in THE NATION: "If all doctors were able, conscientious and industrious, loving their work and caring for their patients year in and year out, regardless of the effects on their financial position, a salaried State Medical Service would be as near the ideal as any system we could devise. But doctors of experience and the working people themselves know only too well how fancy a picture this is. They know quite well that doctors are not equally skilful or equally attentive to their duties, and that much of the work of a general practitioner is sheer drudgery such as few men would continue to perform unless their living depended on it. It is all very well for the specialist or the man engaged in research, or the expert surgeon to show a fine disregard for monetary reward. Their work is interesting and dignified, and the eyes of their profession and of the world are upon them. A very large part of the work of a general practitioner is, on the other hand, stale, monotonous, thankless, humiliating, and carried out in the darkness of slum tenements and in the surgeries of back streets. Only his patients are in any degree acquainted with it; it is they alone who are competent to mete out applause to him and to allot him his reward. A working man is quite right to maintain his claim to choose his own doctor; and if he is to receive a good service, his doctor must be remunerated on the same principle as that which determines the remuneration of those who doctor the rich—namely, in proportion to the number of those whose confidence he inspires." As I said in THE NEW STATESMAN AND NATION a year ago: "All medical services, not merely those of a general practitioner, should be at the disposal of everyone according to need. The panel doctor should act as friend and adviser in directing these patients to specialists or to the special institution he considers necessary. It is, of course, true that individual patients do not always select the most competent, or even the most attentive doctor practising in their district; but they are in a better position to do so than could be any elected or bureaucratic committee." In his *Pillars of Society*, recently published, Sir William Beveridge asks himself "Is the Family as a social unit to be safeguarded and ought it to be allowed to stand for inequality of opportunity?" And he answers, "Yes, for two reasons; family life, and its responsibilities and cares, are the material of which most of human happiness for most people is made." Charles Darwin summed up happiness as "Work and the domestic affections." The domestic affections are for all men and women. The family is the means of vicarious immortality through children, the stepping-stone from selfishness to service, the common heritage and bond of all mankind. In leaving it possible for parents who by special service to the community acquire special rewards to favour their children because they are their children, one works with nature, not against her.

Stepney. HARRY ROBERTS

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SIR,—The letter under the above heading by "Northumberland Practitioner" makes curious reading. He is evidently bitterly opposed to a socialised medical service because it affects the interests of the medical profession. He, however, adduces no arguments in support of his contention that we have not advanced sufficiently to justify the institution of a State Medical Service.

His comparison with the coal industry is most unfortunate from his own point of view for it must be evident to the shallowest thinker that the measure of public control of the Health Service now in existence makes the transfer to complete control a matter of the utmost simplicity.

What argument can be advanced against the establishment of Health Centres efficiently staffed and properly equipped, running a 24 hour service? Does your correspondent support the continuance of the G.P. in his so-called surgery, usually a front room in a small villa, with no modern equipment, no X-ray, and very little with which to determine a correct prognosis?

On what does he base his assumption that the "man in the street" is more concerned with the nationalisation of certain industries than in Medicine? Any student of Sociology will agree that the nationalisation of services before industries is the correct evolutionary order and the fact that doctors have attempted to make their profession a vested interest does not affect the position. The doctor does not produce, he does not exchange commodities, he does not buy and sell. He is engaged in rendering service and the "ordinary man in the street" is very concerned with the prospect of getting an efficient, impartial medical service, far more so than whether the coal he gets comes from a State-owned or private coal mine.

Public control of the medical service is no panic scheme, as some of us have been giving years of study to the construction of an administrative machine which will give all the elasticity required to ensure progress and initiative on the part of the profession and at the same time ensure that everyone shall have an equal right to the best that the profession can give.

The health of the people is a communal responsibility which can only be effectively discharged by a communal Service; it must be a unified comprehensive service which will include preventive medicine, the environmental services, remedial and after-care as well as training and rehabilitation. Can such a service be other than a public service?

Your correspondent will do well to give this question a little further consideration and to do it from the standpoint of the patient rather than that of Harley Street.

FRED MESSER,
M.P., South Tottenham.
House of Commons,
London, S.W.1.

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SIR,—"Northumberland Practitioner," writing in your issue of August 14th, adds muddle to muddle. If he will read the Beveridge Report he will see that the author does not advocate that "State medicine . . . be inflicted on the community." Beveridge in fact writes: "No final detailed proposals, even as to the financial basis of the service, can be submitted in this Report." He proposes "further immediate investigation . . . in consultation with the professions concerned and with the public and voluntary organisations which have established hospitals and other institutions." By misrepresenting the contents of the Report your correspondent, no doubt inadvertently, is fanning the subtlest form of anti-Beveridge propaganda which the reactionaries have yet devised. It may be good to have both the Beveridge Plan and a State Medical Service, but in neither direction is there a *sine qua non*.

Meanwhile, consultations on medical reconstruction are actually in progress. I shall therefore be glad to send any NEW STATESMAN AND NATION reader a list of current publications in this field, saying where


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JONATHAN CAPE

these can be obtained. Those who are on the side of the angels will want to get their facts right.

Social Security League, JOAN S. CLARKE,
51 Tothill Street, *Secretary*
London, S.W.1.

## BOMBING OF ROME

SIR,—"A Coastal Command Pilot," who writes on the Bombing of Rome in your last number, says that the issue is clear to him, and that the question is whether we prefer a monument to a life. This is precisely the pacifist heresy. The pacifist regards the saving of life as paramount and he is not prepared to achieve other ends by a means, which he regards as the greatest evil. If "A Coastal Command Pilot" were logical, he would save the lives of British soldiers in Sicily by ordering them not to fight at all. Yet he is presumably in favour of their risking their lives for honour, freedom and victory. And by his own action in this war he admits that other questions than the mere saving of life arise. Why then should not THE NEW STATESMAN AND NATION add history to honour, beauty to freedom, and culture to victory? "A Coastal Command Pilot's" plea is no reply to Raymond Mortimer's magnificent protest in your issue of July 31st, and you are to be congratulated on giving space to the discussion of this vital subject.

WILLIAM C. SEARLE

## INTERNATIONAL BRIGADERS

SIR,—The International Brigade Association recall with gratitude that your paper was amongst the first to raise the question of International Brigaders when the Allied landing in North Africa took place. We are sure that your readers will be glad to know that now eight months after the Allied landing all concentration camps have at last been liquidated. There still remain, however, many sick and invalids who require assistance.

All the liberated physically fit brigaders are back in the fight against Fascism. All the Allied nationals who were eligible immediately joined their respective armed forces. 125 Brigaders have been accepted by the Soviet Union and most of them will soon be fighting on the Eastern Front. 98 Brigaders of non-Allied nationality have joined the British Pioneer Corps in North Africa. The few remaining are either working for Allied authorities in North Africa or in the war industry in this country.

There still remain some 30 Brigaders in the Miranda concentration camp in Spain. The position of hundreds of Brigaders who are still in concentration camps in Vichy France is really appalling. If any of your readers, emulating the French democrats, wish to help these first fighters against Fascist aggression we should advise them to do one or both of the following things:—

(1) Request individually, or whatever organisation they may belong, the Foreign Office and the State Department, through the U.S. Ambassador, to intervene with the Protecting Power, i.e., the Swiss Government, to take care of the Brigaders and Spanish Republicans in the Vichy concentration camps and to obtain for them a status of prisoners-of-war or a similar status.

(2) To contribute generously to the Fund for the Relief and Release of Brigaders; for invalids who require treatment and artificial limbs, for the sick in hospitals, and for those who are still suffering in concentration camps.

NAN GREEN,
*Secretary*,
International Brigade Association

## DR. TEMPLE ON SEX

SIR,—I am sorry that Dr. Temple, speaking recently on sexual morality, should have denounced as un-Christian all joking about sex. I have never been able to understand why that subject should be excluded from the legitimate scope of a Christian's humour. Dr. Temple says that because sex is sacred, to joke about it is profanity. But for a believer in the Incarnation everything human is sacred. If, therefore, it is profanity to joke about what is sacred, it is profanity to joke about *anything* human!

A Catholic Christian, his God-given sense of humour stimulated by his practising membership of the Catholic Church, should be able to see humour in everything, divine and human, and able to joke about God and the Mass and sex as well as about mothers-in-law—and ought to *prefer* a good joke about God or the Mass or sex to a feeble joke about a mother-in-law.

G. K. Chesterton once said that until you are able to crack jokes about your religion you don't really believe in it, you don't feel at home with it. But when you are able to crack jokes about your religion you are able to crack jokes about everything to which your religion applies, which in the case of the Catholic Religion is—everything.

There are such things as dirty jokes about sex, but they are dirty, not because they are about sex but because they presuppose that sex is dirty, and are humourless and gloating and furtive.

We know the type of man of whom the ordinary Englishman says that "he's religious." What they always mean (such is the appalling idea of religion that most Englishmen have) is that that man, while quite ordinary in that he accepts most of the prevalent things which as a Christian he should oppose, *e.g.* the capitalist system, is distinctive in that he doesn't drink, doesn't smoke, never uses a stronger word than "bother," and doesn't joke about sex (or about anything else very much, for, to put it mildly, his sense of humour has not been stimulated by his religion—and no wonder, when you look at his religion!).

Of course there's no reason why a man should drink or smoke or express his feelings sometimes in colourful language or joke about sex or any other subject, if he doesn't want to. He can be excused if, *e.g.*, as Conrad Noel once put it as regards drink, "he is unfortunate enough not to like alcohol." But do let us smash the idea that to abstain from such things has anything to do with *religion*—or, anyhow, with the Christian Religion.

R. WOODIFIELD
Belsize Corner, N.W.3.

## VILLAGE RHYMES

SIR,—I am endeavouring to compile an anthology of humorous rhymes, couplets and jingles about our English villages, which have been handed down from generation to generation, but do not usually find their way in the guide books.

For an instance, there is a rhyme about the villages in Shropshire which runs as follows:—

Clunton, Clunbury, Clungunford and Clun,
Are the four loveliest places under the sun.

Then another about the villages in Warwickshire:—

Idlecote on the Hill, Whatcote downderry,
Beggarly Oxshill and lousy Fulready,
Yawning Yittington, peeping Pillarton,
And one-eyed Marston.

If any of your readers know any verses about their own or other districts, I should be very grateful if they would write them down on a postcard and send them direct to me, giving the county of the villages.

I do not, of course, want Epitaphs, neither do I want the verses written by well-known poets, but simply rhymes and jingles, complimentary, rude or otherwise, which they have heard repeated about hamlets and villages.

J. E. LLOYD
"Mounthill,"
Bagley Wood,
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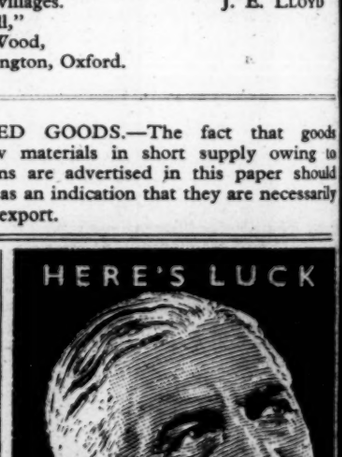


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# BOOKS IN GENERAL

In 1822 Lieutenant William Yonge retired from the army at the age of twenty-seven in order to marry Fanny Bargus. Miss Bargus lived with her widowed mother in the village of Otterbourne, near Winchester. The young couple's affections had long since been mutually declared; but Mrs. Bargus forbidding her daughter to follow the drum, William Yonge gave up his career and came to live with his mother-in-law at Otterbourne House; in no other circumstances would she allow the marriage. Mrs. Bargus's estate was small; the brilliant and energetic half-pay lieutenant had to fill in his days with carpentering, gardening and spasmodic administration of the home farm.

On August 11th, 1823, his first child and only daughter, Charlotte Mary, was born; until her brother Julian's birth six years later the little girl became her father's chief occupation and interest; her education was his charge; her mother kept a diary of her progress in lessons. When Charlotte was thirteen the Rev. John Keble became Vicar of Hursley, the parish church of the Yonges. He prepared her for confirmation and remained her closest friend and adviser. In 1854, the first year of her fame, Charlotte's father died; she and her mother occupied Otterbourne House for another nine years, and then on the marriage of Julian Yonge moved to a smaller house near by in which Charlotte continued to live until her death at the age of seventy-eight in 1901.

The most superficial appreciation of a writer generally requires more biographical data than that embodied in the above paragraphs. In Miss Yonge's case this is not necessary. Her inspiration, talent (genius, her contemporary admirers called it) sprang during her earliest years, and was ardently fostered; all her long life it ran, steady and blind, in a deep and narrow channel; everything that went to make it can be traced to the few opening facts her descendants have allowed to appear. We should gain nothing by the revelation of quarrels, disappointments, love affairs. It is enough to know that her self-sacrificing soldier father was her adored and dreaded idol and constant companion, the author of *The Christian Year* her master and first friend, and her writing the entire and unrelinquished occupation of all her busy days. Between 1844 and 1900 Miss Yonge published a hundred and fifty-six fictional and original works, comprising the family novels, also twenty-one non-fictional books, these including translations, essays, juvenile history, biographies, works on conchology and botany, and a two-volume History of Christian names; she also edited three magazines, one of which long survived her. Her first book, *Reasons Why I am a Catholic, and not a Roman Catholic*, published in the year of her death, was an explanation of her religious standpoint. Of all this mass of writing only some half-dozen books are still in print. The generation succeeding Miss Yonge's rebelled against her prejudices, her fantastic intolerance, her snobbish Puseyite obsessions; the next heard of her only as an anomaly and a figure of fun. She still holds a tiny audience who scour the second-hand bookshops for her works, and cap allusions in literary journals; indeed, some years ago there was a small boom in C.M.Y.'s; but on the whole it may be said that she has ceased to please. She is referred to in deprecation when not in mockery.

The best and most characteristic examples of Miss Yonge's work are the family novels; in these she made a whole world, familiar, maddening, limited; her very name calls up, to one reader at least, all the taking sides, the self-abandonment, the isolation, the struggle for personal ascendancy of family life, the jealousies, the hectic competition, the sobbing confidences and the embittered withdrawals in that fiery circle. (The inter-relations of two parents with their children were not to Miss Yonge's taste; her fathers and mothers are early widowed.) It is necessary to repeat that Charlotte Yonge's first and greatest hero was her father, the more reverenced and endeared because of his capabilities and the sacrifice of all they might have brought him; this theme recurs again and again in her novels; she does not shirk its bitterness, she relishes it indeed, constantly drawing the reader's attention to the goads and stings lying in wait for selflessness with a kind of urbane morbidity; one is spared nothing. Her treatment of self-sacrifice reaches its highest point in *The Pillars of the House*, her most accomplished work; less charming, more involute and obsessed than the favourite *Daisy Chain*, it shows the author's mastery in a series of pictures that, apparently streaming vaguely on in some twelve hundred pages of close print, gradually resolve themselves into a perfectly conceived pattern. In the whole book there is not a single unnecessary line, no apostrophising of the reader, no sham literary descriptions, no "writing up," no fluidity. The style is direct, harsh, graceless; the characters are developed in long, closely observed conversations and baldly described action; the plot, simple and narrative, weaves itself tightly round them as the story proceeds, with the minimum of concession to the Victorian taste for melodrama, so that at the end they stand solid, massed, as in a school photograph, staring you straight in the face; however much they may have annoyed you (and they are as a rule extremely irritating) you cannot forget or confuse them.

The story opens in Bexley where the Reverend Edward Underwood, a poor curate of good family, is dying of consumption. His death is shortly succeeded by his wife's, and the orphaned family of thirteen children, one of whom is mentally deficient and another a cripple, is left in charge of Felix and Wilmet, the eldest boy and girl, aged seventeen and sixteen respectively. The first two-thirds of the book are occupied with the struggle of these young people to educate, feed and clothe their brothers and sisters on an income of £300 a year; then the Underwoods inherit the family "place" and though they never become wealthy, practical hardship is over; meanwhile Wilmet has married and Felix's solitary control of his brothers' and sisters' lives has become an unconscious and revered autocracy. After his long, uncomplaining devotion, he enjoys a few years' prosperity in Christian selflessness and then dies of cancer as the result of an attempt to save the life of his idiot brother; the three unmarried brothers and sister leave home and the book ends with their establishment in London.

This factual narrative is, however, merely a scaffolding for the psychological and diagrammatic structure of the novel; Felix Underwood is not only the hero of the story ("I would rather love you dead than be married to any man alive!" the crippled sister says to him after she has refused her first proposal) but the central point round which all the other characters revolve; they withdraw and advance, change and grow up; but whether in marrying, going to the bad, being hung at the Royal Academy, rebelling, backbiting or worshipping, they react primarily to Felix as they watch, discuss, condemn and praise him in turn. This ebb and flow is seen with the intensity peculiar to Miss Yonge; it is one of the harshest prejudice, yet of the acutest and most startling observation, so unobtrusively manipulated that one is only at the end aware that the Underwood children have grown into men and women. The whole creation is flooded with the arc-light of Anglo-Catholicism; in this radiance the principal characters are from time to time transfixed: and as they pause the author surrounds them with the fiery outline of her dislike or affection; when they fail in duty or obedience her revenge pursues them; she is merciless to frivolity, worldliness or lack of faith—and her spite draws the reader on to take sides as well; it is absurd—unfair—horrible! But one cannot stop; with cries of indignation the narrative is pursued to its final page.

In the many volumes devoted to the Oxford Movement the name of Charlotte Yonge occurs rarely if at all. But while the dust gathered and was ignored on the pages of Pusey, Keble, Hurrell, Froude and even Newman, the young people of the Fifties, Sixties and Seventies found all that they had dreamed of achieving in the spiritual regeneration of their day, as they read about the Mays, the Merrifields, the Underwoods and the Mohuns. The recall to the Apostolic Succession, long the *cheval de bataille* of serious and sometimes difficult writers, became the hobby-horse of Miss Yonge's most popular stories; the purest example of its inspiration is to be found in *The Daisy Chain*, and the most bizarre in *The Three Brides*, where the albino hero's "ruby eyes" ("really not unpleasing under their thick white fringes") seem to be part of his stock in trade in the double role of priest and husband; it is needless to add that his unconventional Irish wife is quickly tamed by his judicious admixture of personal charm and spiritual authority.

The family novels are so closely and intimately constructed that to submit an excerpt from any one of them would give the reader Miss Yonge's Victorian atmosphere, her unconscious comicality and no more. Her characters are built up with an infinity of apparently simple and obvious detail: the effect is cumulative and insidious. Her trick of introducing ten or twelve characters simultaneously is brought off partly by her economical methods, with the result that she is not quotable except in bulk.

Miss Yonge shared the predilection of her contemporaries for sudden death and long-drawn-out suffering; of her many faults of judgment and taste this is, in fact, an enjoyable example—at least, the author enjoys herself so much in the sickroom that few readers will refuse to follow her there. Hers is not in fact the world of the Victorian professional classes that she and her contemporaries believed her to be describing; it is her own unique creation, the world of a fanatical, cultured spinster who in all her seventy-odd years only left her Hampshire village for visits to a small, carefully selected circle of Anglo-Catholic admirers and co-equals.

A fascinating description of her is to be found in Miss Moberly's *Dulce Domum*: no doubt it was with the Moberly family of fifteen children that Miss Yonge developed her capacity for presenting with such absolute conviction her troupes of infantine and adolescent brothers and sisters.

Finally, a word of warning for the beginner. For a considerable time Miss Yonge's acuteness is misleading. We come to know Clement Underwood, Ethel May and Gillian Merrifield so well that they seem solid, typical, life-size. But take Ethel away from Cocksmoor, the Merrifields from Beechcroft and the Underwoods from Bexley, and they fade out, leaving nothing but the tinny echo of their creator's scolding. We can imagine Emma Woodhouse, Beatrix Esmond or Dr. Gibson in the England of 1943—can even dimly conceive of their reactions to the phenomena of our lives. But Miss Yonge's characters must be found and kept in their settings, their rectories and manor-houses and village schools. They spring from an environment that gives them all they have to live for and cannot be separated from it. They have nothing to do with to-day or to-morrow. They stand, not for all time, but for the investigation of those who like to be for a moment enclosed in a self-contained, violently agitated microcosm.

HESTER W. CHAPMAN

## THE RURAL PATTERN

**The Education of the Countryman.** By H. M. BURTON. *Routledge.* 15s.

The problem of town and country is a world and not merely an English problem, though our version of it is perhaps the most difficult. When, in the nineteenth century, we were richer than anybody else we failed to plan our towns and to produce a decent urban way of life; and since the breakdown of the medieval manor and village we have not created any new institutions for the countryside. I could quote H. A. L. Fisher and G. M. Trevelyan in support of the view that our lack of a decent public environment and a common culture is due to our failure under the Tudors and afterwards to build up a system of public education for the whole community. The school system of the countryside, be it noted, was largely built up as late as the nineteenth century

under the inspiration of a body describing itself as the "National Society for the Education of Children of the Poor in the Principles of the Established Church."

But the fundamental problem is whether it is possible and desirable in all countries to maintain a rural, in addition to an urban, way of life. In England, with our particularly vile towns, we romanticise about our beautiful though culturally dead countryside, but in the rest of the world the countryside is not always as beautiful or the towns as vile as ours. The issue can never be settled until we have planned the city and the country town or settlement absolutely afresh. We shall then see more plainly that the balanced life requires both town and country, and that the specific virtue of the countryside is the life of nature: trees, plants and flowers, beasts, birds and fishes, rivers and lakes, skies and landscape, and the visible procession of the seasons. The last word on the subject is Meredith's—we must "hither, thither, fare, close interthreading nature with our kind."

As to the countryside: what shall we do about it in England *now*? Mr. Burton has written an excellent book, easily the best of its kind to date—detailed, scholarly and enlightened. It deserves to be given to all country (and town) teachers by their employers; it is a book to be read by all country parsons, farmers, county councillors, school managers, and rural M.P.s.

I find that, for me, the best chapter is that on the curriculum of the country senior school, for this shows how much more easy it will be for the country school than the town school to abolish that universal bane of adolescent education—the attempt to educate children too much by discourse and through the concepts and experience of maturity. Schools are still overwhelmingly classroom-ridden, lesson-ridden, textbook-ridden, information-ridden. We await the genius who will have the courage frankly to educate the adolescent in terms of his experience and instincts and to repeat the revolution in senior and secondary schools that has been performed in the nursery and infants' schools. The training of intelligence through activity is the secret of the better senior and secondary schools. But all schools fail tragically to provide for the feeding and training of the emotions and the senses through the arts—first by the means of a building which is a work of architectural art and gaily decorated, and then through music, literature, drama, and the dance. (The number of new schools in England that could be said to be works of architectural art can be counted on two hands.)

The countryside can provide the ideal education for children—mental, emotional, and æsthetic. The prospect is a grand one—if we can get the educators. That problem is immense, but it is nonsense to expect any development in education until the teachers of children themselves are properly educated, indeed among the best educated people in the community. Simple and how self-evident!

I remark on two other issues which will have to be dealt with if we are to have a satisfactory *public* system of education, whether in country or town. The control of public education, both at the centre and locally, is administrative rather than cultural: this is its characteristic weakness. The Board of Education, City Councils, and County Councils are administrative bodies, not value-bearing societies expressing philosophies or views of life. Where is the salt to come from, without which the whole body may lack savour? My own suggestion is that the Universities of Britain should add another function to those of research and teaching; that they should share with the Local Authorities the responsibility for the education and culture of the whole community of their surrounding region—from the school to the adult stage. The other issue emerges from this. The qualitative excellence of the schools should be maintained, not by inspection, but by the federation of all the schools of a region to the educational faculty of the regional University. It should be the task of the University and its educational faculty to help in maintaining the cultural life and the technical efficiency of the teachers throughout their careers.

The weakness of Mr. Burton's book is that it does not sufficiently emphasise the supreme importance of adult education and the nature of its threefold content (intellectual, aesthetic, and recreational). But the weakness is pardonable in that it reflects the universal and chronic preoccupation of parents and professional educationists with the school and the equation, by all, of education with the school. If you tell educationists that the centre of gravity in the system of education should be in that part which provides for youth and maturity, either they give you a blank look or hotly deny it. The countryside requires adult education in all its forms for everybody. My own fancy is that the major problems of the school will only be resolved after the development of universal adult education.

Mr. Burton makes it clear that agriculture must be associated with education, and thus opposes the lunatic suggestion of the Luxmoore Committee that the last death-dealing stroke should be given to the culture of the countryside by divorcing agriculture from Local Goevrnment and adult education.

In brief, the provision of a wide programme of adult education and of senior schools in the countryside involves the organisation after the war of what Mr. Burton and I would call the *Rural Region*. Such a region will consist of a federation of a country town with its surrounding villages, or, on the other hand, of a group of villages, each grouping arranged so as to provide sufficient numbers to make possible a worthy cultural and social life at the centre. It is such rural regions that will enable us to preserve in our time, side by side with city life, a form of rural society which will still be an essential and precious element of English civilisation.

HENRY MORRIS

## NEW NOVELS AND STORIES

**A Curtain of Green.** By EUDORA WELTY. *Lane.* 7s. 6d.

**Tales from Bective Bridge.** By MARY LAVIN. *Michael Joseph.* 8s. 6d.

**A Garland of Straw.** By SYLVIA TOWNSEND WARNER. *Chatto.* 8s. 6d.

**The Signpost.** By E. ARNOT ROBERTSON. *Cape.* 8s. 6d.

These books offer a tempting generalisation, resisted only under the pressure of countless exceptions. If it would be rash to say that women are necessarily better as story writers than as novelists, at least the short story is a medium peculiarly suited to feminine talent. The female senses are often more perceptive than the male, though the female mind is rarely so macroscopically powerful. The great novelists combine a delicate perception with the ability to unify experience, to draw general conclusions from observed detail. The second quality is dependent on the first, but perception with only a minimum of intellectual regurgitation can produce a delightful and even an impressive short story. A quality of the short story is that a false note cannot escape unnoticed. Irrelevancy or shoddy observation can no more be concealed than flaws in a jewel. The greater sweep of the novel can often override a hundred faults on the way, as Dickens and Thackeray have triumphantly proved.

On the other hand, the short story can, and too often does, retreat from all sense into a mere evocation of atmosphere, a twilight world of vast but vague significance:

> The old man in the corner lifted his knee as a heron does. Robert smiled secretively and said: "Harry,—he'll be down in the hops." "Yes," said May, "Harry'll be down in the hops." The old man contracted his stony knuckles and belched at a passing cat.

This example, imaginary but, I hope, evocative, proves little by itself. It may be that the old man in the corner, the repetition of the phrase and the cat are all perfectly relevant and legitimate. But one is bound to suspect that this is simply a overloading of atmosphere, a false grasping after significance. The purist will submit even the cat to the most searching interrogation before he allows it to pass.

Miss Welty is a born story writer. She observes with a clear eye, whether cruelly or compassionately; she writes with distinction and she has a sure sense of form. But by far the most striking quality in this book is its extreme variety. I confess to a certain sinking of the heart when a spate of short stories come round for review. Far more depressing than a dull novel is the effort to reawaken interest at each new beginning, conscious as one must so often be that to have read one story is really to have read them all. But though *A Curtain of Green* never crosses the State borders of Mississippi, Miss Welty has shown that regionalism need be no limitation. She travels easily and unselfconsciously from the distilled vulgarity of a provincial beauty parlour to the generous squalor of a poacher's shack. In this she has taken full advantage of a vivid and variegated environment in which the lives of all classes, however snobbish, seem inevitably to intermingle. This gives a stereoscopic quality to the volume which few English writers are able to achieve.

But it is not as social observation that these stories should be read, nor is their variety limited only to their human material. Her range of technique and of feeling is far wider than is usual in a young writer. Her best stories show a nice selectivity, a beautiful economy of material, combined with an imaginative insight which can create gold from the dullest lead. *The Hitch-Hikers*—perhaps the best story in the book—shows all that she avoids, as well as her achievements. A commercial traveller, Tom Harris, picks up two tramps in his car and takes them to the next town. While he is engaging a room in the hotel a fight breaks out between the tramps and one of them is badly hurt. Harris then goes to a bottle party given by some dowdy and drunken girls whom he appears to have known before. He returns to the hotel, is accosted there by one of the girls, and learns in the morning that the guitar-player has died. Violent death, drunkenness and squalor—all the ham ingredients are there, yet there is never a whiff of ham in this story. In the first place there is no suspicion of toughness (and toughness is nothing but a euphemism for obtuseness). The character of Harris, a mournful Leopold Bloom, permeates all that he sees, cleanses it of vulgarity and lends it a peculiar remote beauty. *Nothing is taken for granted*—surely a principle of all good writing. Every episode in the story is only in the story because it contributes to the whole, and because something is revealed through it. This is not true of all the stories in this volume; some—*The Key* is an example—seem to be filled a little too full with significance so that the whole becomes blurred and indecisive. A further weakness (in common with Carson McCullers, another authoress from the South) is an obsession with madness, deformity and every kind of abnormality. This is a weakness because it is too often a smoke screen: too often it leads to just that faint superfluous mystification which is the menace to so many good stories. But *A Curtain of Green* remains both one of the best first books and one of the most hopeful volumes of stories in recent months.

*Tales from Bective Bridge* is also a first book by a young woman, and Miss Lavin also shows talent and imagination. The difference between the two writers can be largely seen as a difference of environment. Miss Welty has the advantage of a colourful, new and many-sided society, while Miss Lavin is weighed down by the overpowering influence of Ireland and the Irish tradition. She is a stately writer, incapable of vulgarity, capable at her best of very fine writing. She writes of nature with a sensuous appreciation, and yet and yet. . . . It is the heaviness which has made the more solemn kind of Celtic writing almost unreadable by the outside world, the humourless earthy monotony of one Irish tradition which is the worst enemy. At her best—perhaps *Love is for Lovers*—she is at her least regional. Indeed, here she has risen altogether out of the bogs and

written a story quite on a level with many of Miss Welty's. But in, for example, the long story called *Lilacs*, there is a monotony and a repetitiveness which stultifies the undoubted high quality of the writing. Nothing could better show that fine writing, even when allied to a very definite "plot" and "point," is not enough. Indeed, the "points" are often too heavily made, and *The Dead Soldier* is a well-told anecdote rather than a real story. Throughout the book the characters tend, because they are two-dimensional, to be simply puppets for presenting a situation. Yet *Love is for Lovers* and certain other stories show that Miss Lavin can conceive of all that the form should be, and there is not the least doubt that her book reveals a talent much above the ordinary.

*A Garland of Straw* is aptly differentiated from *A Curtain of Green*. Here is the mature achievement of a strange, dry and somewhat un-English talent. I confess that I read Miss Warner's book with more delight than any of the others under review. She writes with such confidence, such apparent ease, such a certainty both of her intention and of her ability to put it into execution. Not a great writer, but one who has made an individual and unmistakable contribution to modern English fiction. She can write with a restrained passion which is deeply moving, and the story of occupied Poland called *Apprentice* is a nightmare which cannot easily be forgotten. But the approach, even to pity, is bitter and sardonic. The chief figure in this story is not the Polish boy who dies of starvation, but the abominable little German girl who torments him. Indeed, Miss Warner prefers to attack rather than to defend. Her usual mood is politically ironic and emotionally astringent, yet without any suppression of fancy. This is surely the best, if not the only way to take a political side in imaginative literature. Satires, lampoons and irreverent songs have always been the most effective political literature, both literarily and politically. Miss Warner's politics seem an entirely natural emanation of her compassionate and iconoclastic spirit. Consequently one is seldom aware of any polemical intrusion.

*The Signpost* is the only novel among the four books under review, and it is hard to avoid the conclusion that its weakness is precisely that it is a novel. The opening is brilliant—the best short evocation of London in 1940 that I have read. The hero is a convalescent bomber pilot, and the early descriptions of his neurosis are most impressive. But soon, and alas! he decides to spend his remaining leave in Eire. On the boat he meets the patriot wife of a French collaborationist, and their midnight conversation on the issues and tragedies of the war is excellent. But the soil, even of Ulster, seems to effect a peculiar contamination, and once settled firmly in Donegal, the book rapidly evaporates. Even here, in the cardboard village of Kildooey, there are some fine conversations (certainly Miss Arnot Robertson's *forte*) and two striking characters. But Ireland cloys. Whether this is really Ireland, I am in no position to judge, but it is at least a familiar English presentation of Ireland. And these feckless, generous, tragic, expansive peasants are not, and have never been, convincing. The result is that even the hero and heroine become unsubstantial, their love affair somewhat stilted, their relations with the villagers wholly fantastic. The book tails off into a senseless tragedy which neither adds anything nor takes anything away. The harm was already done. Such an intelligent and civilised writer with so much of interest to say and a real ability to say it! We should be glad, I think, of the resolution suggested in her dedication, "To the good friends I am about to lose in Eire." They have not been good friends to her writing.

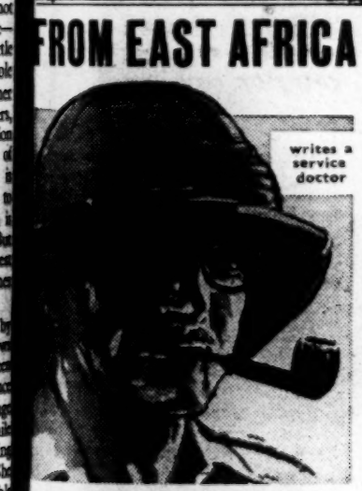
PHILIP TOYNBEE

## REMBRANDT

**Rembrandt: Selected Paintings.** Introduction and Notes by Prof. T. BORENIUS. *Phaidon Press. Allen & Unwin.* 20s.

Years ago some editor or other suggested a pair of articles in one of which Roger Fry was to describe the five best pictures in the National Gallery, while in the other I was to describe the five worst: all examples to be by artists of repute. The articles were never written; but it is perhaps significant that each of us had selected a work by Rembrandt, Fry having chosen the woman making water in the water (corrected by Sir Charles Eastlake), while I had taken *The Philosopher*. It was a bit of bravura on my part, of course; but I believe still that the criticism could be defended. Anyhow, these two pictures do represent two aspects of Rembrandt's art; both of which are brought out clearly enough in this valuable selection. Rembrandt was a profound psychologist, with a vivid sense of dramatic situations: probably he could have been a considerable novelist or playwright had he chosen. Also he was one of the greatest plastic artists that ever lived. His sense of situation and character he expressed sometimes impressively, especially in his drawings, of which none, by the way, is here reproduced; but to his painting this dramatic sense was, on balance, detrimental, a fact which he himself would appear to have recognised or at least surmised seeing that he allowed his plastic preoccupations gradually to master his psychological.

In such pictures as the National Gallery *Philosopher* or, as they now choose to call it, *Scholar in a Lofty Room* (Plate 2), or the Stockholm *Scholar* (Plate 3), or the *Holy Family* in the Jacquemart-André collection, early works all, the painter has suffered the dramatist to get the upper hand: in order to create a sense of "something more than meets the eye" he has forced a melodramatic effect of lighting which a good theatrical electrician would despise, and so doing has sacrificed the peculiar subtleties of line and colour. Here we see literature triumphant. Another disappointment for those who will go far to see a Rembrandt is to come, at their journey's end, on one of those portraits, too common in his early and middle periods, where the master, having fallen into blank realism, becomes, like all blank realists, frankly dull (Examples: Plates 9 and 22, or the famous *Anatomy Lesson*—Plate 76). Not but what Rembrandt was a realist always: he was, in fact, the realist. "He was the first," as Roger Fry has said, "to find complete spiritual freedom in the contemplation of no matter what actual vision. No one ever could accept quite so many of the data of vision and bind them all at once into so compelling, so richly evocative a rhythm." And it is this passionate grasping after the whole of Appearance which distinguishes his art emphatically from that of the great Italians, say from that of Raphael. Rembrandt was so completely rapt in his passion for saying all there was to say about his sense of the world of things that he lacked the energy, and doubtless the power, to say all there is to say about the world of art—about the inherent significance of the relations of forms in space. He had to sacrifice, on occasions at all events, design to vision. He gave us Lord Crawford's *School Boy* and the *Bathsheba* in the Louvre (Plate 64); he could not have given the *School of Athens* or *Apollo and the Muses*. To argue that one is greater than the other is silly. Only this I will say: if I had to choose between the destruction of the *stanze* and a dozen of Rembrandt's masterpieces, personally I would save the former. Also this: let those who feel certain that Rembrandt was the greatest artist that ever lived bear in mind these wise words of Professor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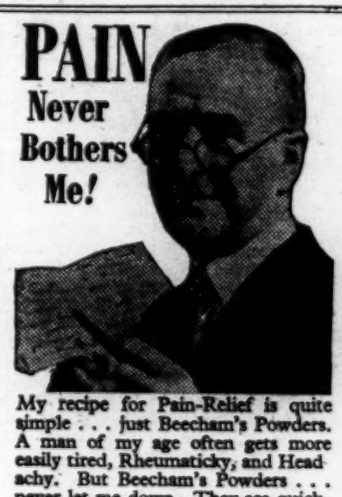
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Borenius—"Rembrandt's powers of interpretative sympathy and of poetic imagination are such that it is perhaps no exaggeration to say that to some people a communion with Rembrandt's characters and conceptions has become a kind of religion." That, obviously, is one form of enjoyment: but it surely only takes us to "the point where art begins."

The introduction which Prof. Borenius contributes to this admirable selection of black and white photographs—of the coloured reproductions I prefer to say nothing—is of considerable importance. To the two obvious causes which helped to advance Rembrandt's art from great to supreme—self-realisation and bankruptcy, which threw him into a congenial Bohemian milieu—the scholar adds a third—acquaintance with Italian Baroque. That Rembrandt was more influenced by Italian painting than his nineteenth century worshippers cared to suppose has for some years been conjectured. This essay goes far towards proving it. Not only the confrontation of pictures, but the documentary evidence is striking; and the Professor is to be thanked for a useful piece of scholarly research.

CLIVE BELL

## THE INDIAN PRINCES

**The Making of the Indian Princes.** By EDWARD THOMPSON. *Oxford Press.* 20*s.*

It is becoming evident that as India approaches the goal of independence the rights and status of the Princes remain an outstanding constitutional problem. It is not enough to examine treaties. In order to understand the position of both the British Power and the Native rulers it is necessary to have a nice appreciation of the events which shaped India's political framework. This framework was made in twenty years from the death of Tipu Sultan in 1799 to the elimination of the Peshwa and the consequent collapse of the Maratha Confederacy in 1819. After the shattering of the "Maratha Empire" there followed a brief period of vacillation and then the firm establishment by Lord Hastings of the States which had survived. The Indian "Princes" emerged in 1806 arising "like the Puranic Urvasi, from the churning of the Ocean by the Gods and Demons," and received their position in India's polity in 1819. Subsequently a new generation adopted a policy of annexations but the Mutiny caused a sharp revision of this attitude and thereafter the Princes were ceremoniously re-established where 1819 had left them. Thus, these twenty years, 1799–1819, are all-important in order to explain all that has followed. Prof. Thompson handles them brilliantly. It happens that the vast field of princes and princelings, satraps and functionaries abound in vivid personalities. Native India and its leaders have never been adequately treated and have only made incidental appearances, remaining shadows, their motives rarely understood or even regarded. Indeed, Mr. Thompson thinks that "our writing of India's history is perhaps resented more than anything else we have done."

On the British side we have to deal with men of the Regency, aristocrats or adventurers, often learned in the classics and essentially humanists, very different from the self-conscious and pious empire-builders of the later period. They found their match in India and enjoyed it. On both sides during these years there are figures with a quality of *panache* quite absent from later Indian history. Mr. Thompson obviously appreciates the men of whom he writes and utilises much hitherto unpublished material both in English and Persian. It becomes clear that most, if not all, the Indian "Princes" were never Princes at all. Some were successful war-lords or free-booters, others were feudatories of passive and powerless overlords. This is well illustrated in a passage where Mr. Thompson suggests what might have happened if Nana Farnavis had founded a dynasty.

> India might have seen the crazy spectacle of the actual rule of a vast area being exercised by Farnavids, as humble deputies of helpless Peshwas in their turn humble deputies of shadowy Rajas of Satara—while Gaekwars quietly cultivated their garden in Bombay's protecting vicinity, and Sindhias with Bhonslas in their orbit, clashed with Holkars, all four continuing to pay ceremonial devoirs to Farnavid and Peshwa and Satara Raja and Mogul Emperor at Delhi.

It was an age of fantastic chaos. "Men who were realists, yet also humanists, found themselves grappling with a system or lack of system" out of which was precipitated (in the chemical sense) an empire. The Mogul Empire was but a mist which obscured the real forces with which the Company and its servants had to deal.

Baroda, Gwalior and many another State claim that they had sovereignty not granted to them by the British but ceded by them to the Paramount Power. This is shown to be against all historical fact. They actually acknowledged the Mogul as overlord and did not claim sovereignty. The "Koompanny Bahador" became an awful reality casting down the mighty from their seats and exalting them of low degree. "Princes" were lifted from obscurity and once re-established were "as completely helpless and derelict as any Powers since the beginning of the world." It was all done with good-humoured tolerance and straightforward cynicism. The States were to be buffers and cess-pits into which the "accumulating miseries of the rest of India could seep, and like warring germs, prey on each other."

Much in the book helps to explain the apparent lack of a sense of gratitude for "all that we have done for them," and Mr. Thompson remarks that "no alien rule was ever more uniformly consistent with the rulers' own sense of justice; but no alien rule, set over a people far advanced in civilisation, ever so reluctantly, and by such maddeningly calculated instalments, relinquished its absolute authority." The gods of this period seemed to have felt doubtful of the younger generation. Elphinstone complained that they had never seen the Indian States in the days of their power and had "a contempt for the natives, and an inclination to carry everything with a high hand."

This book inspires one to ask whether the conscious rectitude of the Victorians was so beneficial as the laxer morals and less obvious virtues of the Malcolms and the Ochterlonies who went out to India as boys in their teens, accepted the life and ways of the Indian with pleasure and rarely came home because they had found their home.

No student of India should miss this invaluable book.

LEONARD M. SCHIFF

## COCKTAIL ICE

**Popcorn.** By CORNELIA OTIS SKINNER. *Constable.* 7*s.* 6*d.*

Another little book from America gaily recounting the rigors and ennui of social life. How much there is (the war, one feels, will never penetrate here) to endure in what was once amiably known as "the social round"! Modern neurosis has revealed it as a network of mantraps and unexploded mines. In approaching it Miss Skinner shows a good deal more courage and hardihood than her masculine counterpart—say, Mr. Robert Benchley, who also combines the art of the stage monologue and the queasy light essay. While Benchley plays doggo or mopes at parties with a fatuous smile and an eye for the fire escape, Miss Skinner goes breezily, brassily through with everything. Cocktail parties (with games), Yoga, horse shows, boating, Madame Alberta's slimming establishment, getting wrong numbers, trying to get a

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up of tea *à l'anglaise*, being shown Aldebaran after inner, listening to maestro talk and big business lk, having one's portrait painted, one's pores juvenated: every sideshow the enthusiast and e snob can invent to make leisure hours more ppalling. American social life provides, obvisly, a hell in which the Benchleys and Thurbers n only creep round, muttering, in their asbestos uits. Women pretend to be tougher.

But why did they start it, why put up with it? iss Skinner doesn't let on; she records the terror, nforced (one imagines) by some sort of female estapo, and manages to make it seem funny. he can even submit without flinching to a Footall Game, that final test of American morale—orse, probably, to have to watch than to play in. knowledgeable brittle ring characterises the ventures of *Popcorn*. In the woman-made orld described by Miss Skinner there is, apparntly, no end to suffering, no escape except in isecracks. Her own brand of fun is ironic, tough, d somewhat relentlessly bright—New Yorkerish ith a tinge of the fashion magazine. These ght rigmaroles are very entertaining to skim, ut the reader must be warned—the male reader, nyhow—that they leave one with a deep unsiness for which the author doesn't provide.

G. W. STONIER

**ost-War Employment.** By E. S. CONWAY. *Cape.* 8s. 6d.

The title of this book is a misnomer. The greater rt of it is, in fact, a study of the problems of juvenile nemployment, leading up to suggestions for the better rganisation of youth movements and for the working f a satisfactory system of daytime continued educaon and better vocational training and education of oys for jobs. The second part, which also deals most exclusively with boys and men, discusses the roblems of post-war industrial and professional aining for those coming out of the forces and the war ervices. The author comes down somewhat heavily n the side of compulsory training and organisation, n the ground that in no other way can we hope to get ese problems seriously faced. He is very critical f the work of the Boys' Clubs in respect of their ilure to attract more than a narrow group of boys, or face effectively the difficulties of catering, without gregation, for unemployed boys or for those coming om poor or unsatisfactory homes. In a special chapter e criticises strongly some of the proposals of the onservative Sub-Committee on youth problems, rging that compulsion must not be made a means seeking to indoctrinate youth with Conservative party views. In his later chapters, he discusses the limitations of the pre-war training schemes of the Ministry of Labour, and insists that post-war schemes will need to be so organised as to ensure Trade Union participation and support. The book is based largely on a thesis prepared for Liverpool University and bears some of the stigmatism of this kind of writing. But it is interesting and suggestive.

**The Stock Exchange Official Year Book, 1943.** Edited by the Secretary of the Shore and Loan Department, Stock Exchange, London. *Thomas Skinner and Co., Ltd.* 80s.

This well-known reference book has just made its fourth wartime appearance relatively unscathed and it reflects credit on all who have been concerned in the labour of compilation and production. All the regular features are here, apart from some necessary space-saving sacrifices, such as supplementary chapters, and the volume seems to give all the information which could reasonably be wanted regarding securities dealt with on the London Stock Exchange and the undertakings to which they relate. The familiar system of classification and indexing has been maintained and apparently the editorial difficulties encountered have not resulted in a slackening of the standard of accuracy.

## Week-end Competitions

### No. 707

**Set by W. R.**

Mr. Ezra Pound has, since Mussolini's downfall, ceased to bombinate upon the Italian wireless. Competitors are invited to suppose that he has joined Lord Haw Haw in Berlin, and to compose an imaginary conversation between these gentlemen, in which they discuss confidently the difficulties of their occupation. Limit 200 words.

RULES—

1. Envelopes should be marked with the number of the Problem, in the top left-hand corner, and should be addressed to COMPETITIONS, 10 Great Turnstile, W.C.1. Solutions must reach the Editor by first post on Monday, August 30th.

2. The Editor's decision is final. He reserves the right to print in part or as a whole any matter sent in, whether it be awarded a prize or not. MSS. cannot be returned. When no entries reach the required standard no prize will be awarded.

## RESULT OF COMPETITION No. 704

**Set by Diogenes**

Prizes amounting to four guineas are offered for epigrams in verse upon the fall of Mussolini.

**Report by Diogenes**

"A future footnote for a future Gibbon"—J. W. F. Hurford thus sums up the story. Here are the best entries, among which I find it difficult to discriminate. I recommend half-a-guinea to each. If there were room, I would print also Milner, E. W. Fordham, Falco, Rudy, Pibroch, Towanbucket, J. A. Wurtzburg, Leslie Johnson, Willy Tadpole, and Sir Robert Witt.

I WAS MUSSOLINI

Stranger, stay; and understand
An Empire is not built of sand
By men of muslin, feet of clay:
I came, I shouted, and I passed away.
(K. E. T.)

"If I retreat," he shouted, "cut my throat!"
(Ten thousand "Duce!"s echoed up to heaven)
And then retreated from an adverse vote
Of seventeen to seven. (L. E. J.)

He dosed his country once, with humour grim:
And now she has evacuated him! (YORICK)

I saw you first, in wax-work at Tussaud's.
Roused, so they said, by your imperious pose,
Promptly on time each train Italian goes.

How wax-like now your empire melts away!
My scowling friend, there'll be the Duce to pay
When God speaks, punctually, on Judgment Day.
(F. C. C.)

For twenty hellish years
He dug a pit;
Filled it with poison, blood and tears——
And then fell into it.
(MISS EDITH SAW)

He of the carefully photogenic strut
Ends with a whimper his career of crime;
He murdered, gassed, brought woe to millions, but——
He made the Italian railways run to time.
(STANLEY J. SHARPLESS)

EPIGRAM ON THE FALL OF MUSSOLINI.
Sole renidenti Pontinae rana paludis
Cantabat: pluvius Juppiter, ecce, fugat . . .
(I. C. SAUL)

If there's a Tacitus to tell your story,
Time won't efface a certain Tory.
(Ft./Lt. D. W. P.)

## UNITED MOLASSES CO.

### STRONG POSITION

THE seventeenth annual general meeting the United Molasses Co. Ltd. will be ld on Aug. 27.

The following is an extract from Mr. F. K. elberg's statement, which was circulated th the report:

The accounts show great financial strength d considering the number of countries all er the world in which the activities of the mpany have been curtailed or temporarily stroyed by the war, the combined earnings st be considered satisfactory. Profits ve been sufficient to maintain the divinds, cash distribution, allocation (£100,000) general reserve, and slightly to increase e carry-forward.

Brief reference is made in the directors' port to the company's acquisition of the ntrolling interest in Weymann's Motor dies (1925) Ltd. The acquisition of Weymann's was made in pursuance of the ard's policy to broaden the base of the mpany's activities, more particularly by vestments in industries directly or indirectly connected with sea or land transort.

In the United Kingdom the company conues in respect of all dealings in molasses, act as agents for the Ministry of Supply, d the whole of the company's fleet remains der Government requisition. As a whole, e trading at home and abroad during the st half of 1943 was reasonably satisfactory. The consolidated balance-sheet shows that mbined current assets continue to accumlate and that, at the end of last year, ey exceeded current liabilities and approtations by over £5,000,000. The company ring 1942 suffered serious shipping losses rough enemy action, unfortunately accomnied with considerable loss of life. Losses is year have, up to the present, been a action only of those suffered during the me period last year.

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